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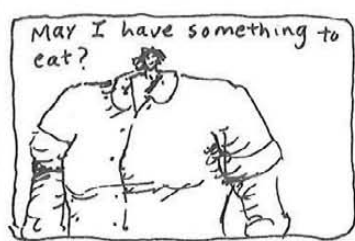
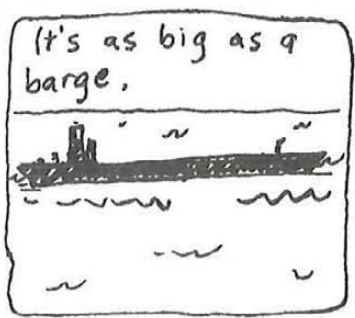
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Editorial



This is a "potpourri" issue, perforce unpossessed of any overriding theme to peg an editorial upon. And I am thereby given license to ramble on at leisure about diverse topics and sundry affairs. Rambling on at leisure about diverse topics and sundry affairs is a literary form not much spoken to in these times of hustle-bustle, hurly-burly, and addle-headed riot. But, still, one might turn one's hand to it on occasion if for no other reason than to bring some small pleasure to those readers who either yearn nostalgically for their days as English majors or are caught in the midst of interminable bowel movements with nothing to peruse but the back of a Sani-Flush can. So let's consider the meaning of life: this morning it meant a splitting headache. In about twenty minutes, it's going to mean a blinding need for a drink. But right now it seems to have all sorts of ramifications, many of them scurrying about on the floor apparently immune to those little Roach Motels I've hid under the davenport for the past six months, and there are things in them of which no sane man speaks. But life is a miracle, really, when closely considered: two tiny demi-chromosomed, pre-protozoan bubbles of amino acids joining together, growing into the awesome complexity of a Dostoyevsky or a John Stuart Mill in some remote fold of the womb. And if she's under



eighteen, you'd better call your lawyer. Most of the time, though, people just dash around all over the place until they die. Dying is a really important part of life. So important, in fact, that it's hard to understand why we don't all just go smack each other on the head with bricks to help it out. This would speed up evolution, I think. Although it hasn't seemed to help in Ireland. But that's what we die for, anyway, so that we get to evolve. You see, if nobody died, we'd all still be amoebas and have to eat by surrounding things with our butts. However, I don't really see why we need to evolve any further. I think we're fine the way we are now. I mean, I'm not so hot personally, but I know this girl, Erin, out in Colorado, who's just perfect. I don't want her to evolve into something with one tit in the middle of the thorax and a bunch of gamma



ray feelers on its head. So I guess we can stop dying now, huh? Though I've got a rotten feeling that that's not going to happen until sometime after my car wreck.

Still, what does life mean? Lots of times it seems to make me a little nervous. You know, waking up in a sweat, tense and ready, groping for the .38 under the pillow and ready to spring at the throat of...well, the throat of nothing in particular. Because, you know, all you have to really do that day is go into the office for a couple of hours and mail a check for the phone bill, and the ex-wife is clear across country, hell, three thousand miles away, and even the rent is paid. Another perfectly good anxiety attack wasted on nothing. All that adrenaline pumping through your skull—probably be worth two hundred dollars a gram if you could figure a way to blow it out your nose and cut it with Manitol. The ancient Celts used to fight in the nude, you know, with just a sword. They thought it was magic. Of course, today they think the pope is Christ's Vicar on Earth, so there's no accounting for the Celts. But I think they only did it because they were having anxiety attacks and wanted to run around starkers clipping the kneecaps off Roman legionnaires because that was a cooler way of dealing with things than laying on mats in hovels all covered with perspiration, with stomachs gurgling,

continued on page 71

A man wearing a red hard hat and a red and black plaid shirt is sitting on a log in a logging camp. He is holding a lit cigarette in his right hand. In the background, there is a logging truck loaded with logs, a yellow tractor, and a body of water under a dramatic, orange and yellow sunset sky.

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THE SMART



by John Hughes

The **GAS SHORTAGE** out in Phony-Phony Land has all the peons in a dither about where their next ride to the all-night disco/supermarket is going to come from, but the **LUMINARIES** are taking it in stride—and doing the poor folks a service by paying good wages to have their Rolls Royces, Porsches, and Mercedes pushed up and down the broad, palm-lined avenues. When screen veteran **WALTER MATTHAU** finished dinner at a local eatery, he simply stepped outside and hailed a UCLA Phys. Ed. major, who piggy-backed him home....The big question that arises from the recent upset victory of Canadian Tory party swizzle stick **JOE CLARK** over **PIERRE TRUDEAU** isn't how many more times and ways can poor old Pierre get fucked over, but when is Canada going to find some leadership with hair? It's true that Clark has more hair than Trudeau, and that may be a sign that Canada is working on the problem, but still, Mr. Clark is far behind other world leaders like **JIMMY CARTER**, **LEONID BREZHNEV**, and **MARGARET THATCHER**.

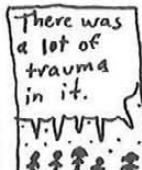
...Speaking of Mrs. Thatcher, she's signed up to do an ABC-TV "Battle of the Broads." Ms. Prime Minister will debate supermodel **CHERYL TIEGS** on the subject of tanning lotions....To the surprise of almost no one, comic **ANDY KAUFMAN** was dragged off the set of "Taxi" and returned to the New Jersey State Hospital from which he escaped in 1973....**PETER "PETE" BOGDANOVICH** is down in the dumps after disappointing reviews and box office receipts came in on his latest film, *Saint Jack*, which he describes as a

movie "about some men doing something, somewhere." Pete says that if things don't pick up, he'll retire from filmmaking and go live on his baloney ranch in Montana....After charging an undisclosed party \$35,000 for a photo of his pregnant wife, **JIMMY CONNORS**, premier slug on the men's tennis and tantrum circuit, turned around and hawked a load of the Mrs.' old duds at a transvestite therapy session. Mama Connors defended the action by remarking that "he made some bucks." How low can you go? "Got a shovel?" says Jimbo....Not since the **THREE STOOGES** visited in 1942 have Londoners been witness to anything as hilarious as the recent fistfight between **DAVID BOWIE** and **LOU REED**. A local press report likened the bash-about to a "couple of elderly women trying to snuff out fires on one another's tummys"...Two-thirds of a Triple Crown winner, **SPECTACULAR BID**, and his date, **MY LITTLE CHAMP**, did eighteen thousand dollars worth of damage to the dance floor at famed New York disco, Studio 54. S.B.'s trainer, **BUD DELP**, blamed a bucket of cocaine for his pony's rowdy behavior....The princess of the 1976 Olympics, **NADIA COMANECHI**, has signed a four-million-dollar deal with a Miami consortium to perform her Gold Medal-winning high bar routine in the nude before live closed-circuit cameras. Miss Comaneci said she agreed to the performance so that she could "buy an automobile and a pair of blue jeans" in her native Romania....Attorneys **MARK LANE**, **ROY COHN**, and **E LEE BAILEY** were booked in Los Angeles for disorderly conduct after they tussled with one another over a collar around the neck of a dead dog. All three men claimed to have seen the dog and the collar first, and therefore felt entitled to it. After twenty minutes of debate in the Hollywood lock-up, they worked out an agreement to sell the collar and split the proceeds....Washington watchers report that 143 taxicabs were needed to haul

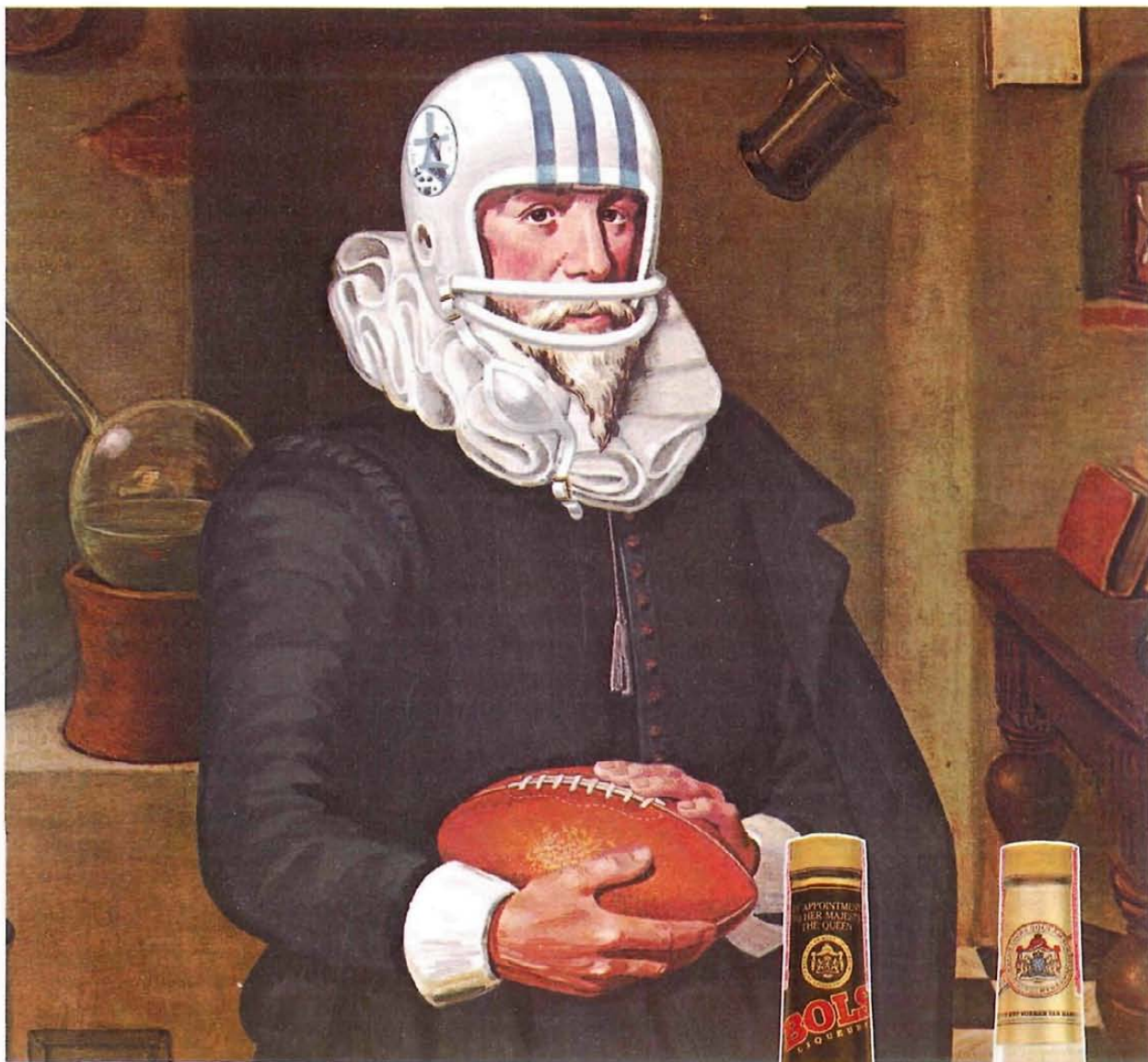
away people who resigned from **CARTER ADMINISTRATION** posts. The mass evacuations forced the cancellation of the annual Executive Branch vs. Legislative Branch touch football game after the president's team was reduced to just Mr. Carter, Mr. **MONDALE**, U.N. Ambassador **ANDY YOUNG**, and **JAMES SCHLESINGER**....**THE SMART SET** has learned that early in 1980, the **MAFIA** will go public, offering twenty-five million shares over-the-counter....**RONALD REAGAN** dealt a serious blow to his chances for the GOP nod after he appeared at a Des Moines, Iowa, rally completely blotto and dressed in a **BOZO THE CLOWN** costume....Standard Oil of Indiana's board chairman, **JOHN SWEARINGEN**, is in a lather after learning that preeminent pork chop **MAHARAJI** charged initiates thirty-five dollars to kiss his feet and donate gifts. Says Mr. Swearingen, "If we'd known Americans would pay thirty-five clams to smooch a filthy Indian's feet, we'd have had \$.1.50-a-gallon gas eighty-five years ago"...Recently disgraced U.S. Senator **HERMAN TALMADGE** has been denied a spot in the **NEW BARBARIANS**, the touring band led by Rolling Stones **KEITH RICHARD** and **RON WOOD**. "Herm is a nice guy, but he's a crook, and we don't need an accordion," Keith said. "We told him to talk to the Doobie Brothers"...**THE SMART SET** has discovered that **JOSEPH HELLER**'s new book, *Good as Gold*, is just perfect for boosting youngsters up to the dinner table. It's the right height, and its stiff binding provides more support than the traditional phone book. The dust jacket is a cheery color that wipes clean after meals—**THE SMART SET** rates *Good as Gold* * * * *!...Recent polls show that when the name **JOHN DEAN** is mentioned, the majority of Americans think of "something slimy, anchored to a rock with only a single bodily opening for eating, excretion, and reproductive functions." □

FIVE LITTLE TINIES

see an analyst



© R. Chaat '78



FOOT BOLS

Lucas Bols never missed Monday Night Football. Like most of us, he played a little ball in high school and that's about as far as it went. But his interest in the game never waned.

He'd put in a hard day making liqueurs and brandies then hurry home. By kickoff time he was in front of his set.

Sometimes he fantasized...he could have been a great kicker if only it weren't for those wooden shoes!

But what pro football lost, the world gained. For in the world of quality liqueurs and brandies nobody plays in the same league with BOLS.

Life is an adventure
...so have yourself a **BOLS**

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Pioneer technology has become so sophisticated that today, buying a car stereo may seem more complicated than buying a car.

Our current line consists of 80 pieces of car stereo equipment. A far cry from the days when autosound meant an AM radio or an 8-track player.

Well, seeing as there's so much going on at your Pioneer dealer right now. And seeing as the time has never been riper to get your

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You're looking at our best-seller. The KP-8005.

Featuring our ingenious Supertuner® AM/FM circuitry. A cassette deck and an amplifier, all in one compact system. It's typical of



KP-8005. Our most wanted deck. AM/FM Supertuner® Car Stereo with Cassette.

our broad line of totally integrated systems. And we have over 30 of these to choose from. In-dash and under-dash models. Some are just tuners, or cassette players or 8-tracks. A few tout even more than the KP-8005, with such things as Dolby* and electronic tuning.

Power Without Corruption

In the search for the ultimate car stereo, we chose the course of home stereo. And broke the system down into separate components. In so doing, we achieved more power through more speakers with less distortion. The illustration shown here demonstrates how a component car stereo system fits together.

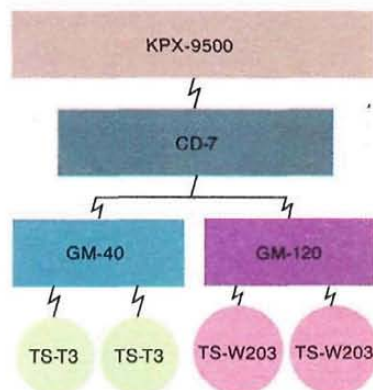
It begins with our KPX-9500. An in-dash AM/FM car stereo/cassette deck with Dolby* on tape and FM.



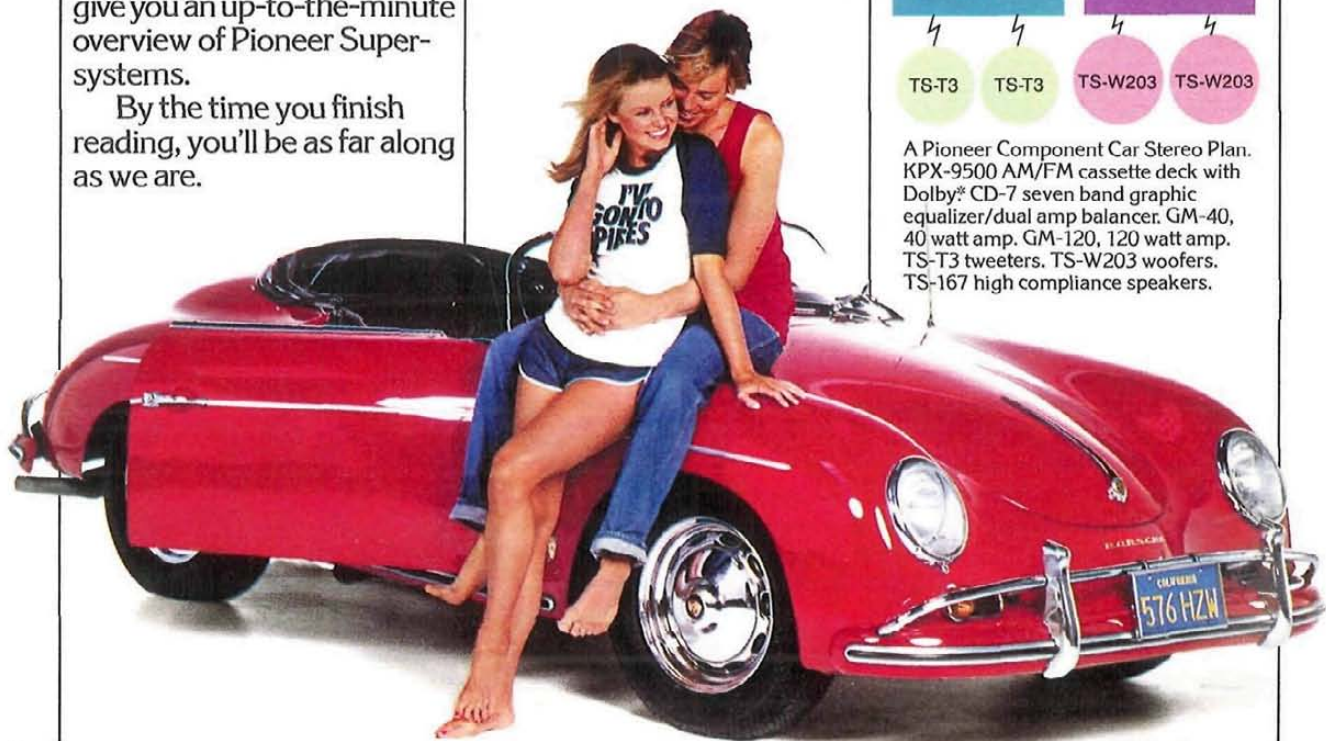
KPX-9500. AM/FM cassette deck, with Dolby* on tape and FM.

ears into our kind of stereo, the purpose of this ad is to give you an up-to-the-minute overview of Pioneer Super-systems.

By the time you finish reading, you'll be as far along as we are.



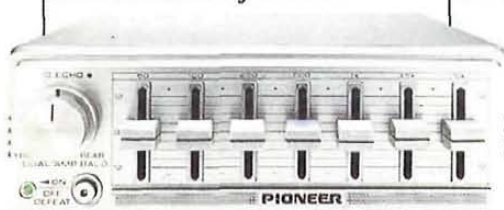
A Pioneer Component Car Stereo Plan. KPX-9500 AM/FM cassette deck with Dolby* CD-7 seven band graphic equalizer/dual amp balancer. GM-40, 40 watt amp. GM-120, 120 watt amp. TS-T3 tweeters. TS-W203 woofers. TS-167 high compliance speakers.



How far with car stereo?

Next, we incorporate a 7-band graphic equalizer/dual amp balancer, the CD-7.

Just as a recording studio compensates for drapes and carpet, the CD-7 lets you shape the music to match the interior of your car.



CD-7. Seven band graphic equalizer/dual amp balancer.

Persuasive Speakers

We have over 30 speakers. But again, to show you how far we've come, we've highlighted how high and low we've gone. Our TS-T3 tweeters can reach highs previously unheard of in a car. And our TS-W203 woofers are guaranteed to hit rock bottom.

We also have two-way and three-way speakers.

Which combine miniaturized versions of specialized speakers all in one package.

More Than Meets The Eye

Now that you've read how far we've come, it's time for us to grab you by the ear.

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Because he has his greatest selection ever on hand right now.

"How To Buy Car Stereo" and "All About



TS-W203 woofer. TS-T3 tweeter.

Car Stereo Components." And be sure to ask about Pioneer T-shirts, visors and posters.

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And hear how good car stereo sounds when it's pushed to the limits.

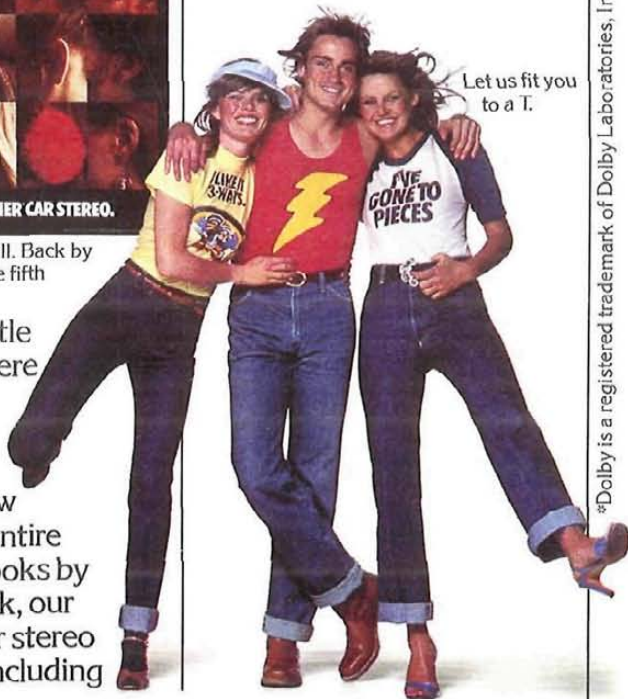
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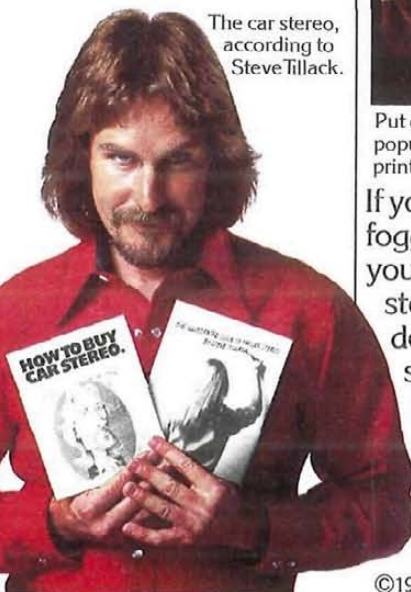
Put our ears to your wall. Back by popular demand for the fifth printing.

If you're still a little foggy about where you fit into car stereo, your dealer can show you how to order an entire library of books by Steve Tillack, our resident car stereo authority. Including

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The car stereo, according to Steve Tillack.



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**Aftate® for
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**is better
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Really better.**

If you've got athlete's foot and you're still using Desenex, you should know that Aftate is better.

In independent studies, the medication in Aftate has been proven to be more effective in killing athlete's foot fungus than the medication in Desenex.

In fact, doctors recommend the medication in Aftate 14 to 1 over the medication in Desenex. **14 to 1.**

Aftate is better than Desenex. Really better. It's the killer.

Read and follow label directions.



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NL-F



Trial size offer.

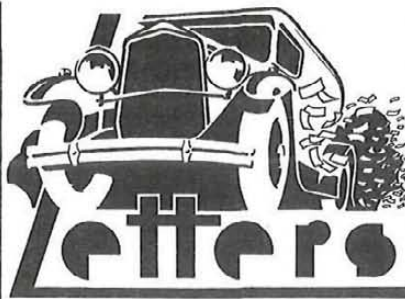
Enclosed is 50¢ (for materials, handling, postage) for one (1) .09 oz. Aftate Gel for Athlete's Foot, plus a coupon good for 25¢ off on my next store purchase of regular size Aftate products. Send to:

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Sirs:

What's blue, green, has a big nose, and is very stingy and Jewish? Wait a minute, I gave that one away. Here's another one: what's red, orange, stupid, fast on his feet, and Negro? Shit, I can't do those simple riddles! I'm better at the intellectual stuff.

William "Call Me Bill" Buckley
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I'd like to set the record straight, once and for all. Yes, I did raise the Ricardos's rent, but I had every reason to. First off, they were bad tenants. Every night Ricky would play his bongos yelling, "Babaloo! Babaloo!" And you know how those spics are when they get excited. Between beating Lucy with a tire iron until her body matched her hair and puking his Cuban guts out all over my rugs, it's a wonder I have any building left at all. The last straw, however, was when Maurice Chevalier came over and they didn't even invite me for dinner. So you see, I had to raise their rent, just to show them who's boss.

Fred Mertz
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Do you want to know the real reason why "American Bandstand" is still on the air? It's not because it's anything that would appeal to kids. I mean, what teenage kid would want to watch me? It's all those dads who watch us during breaks in their Saturday afternoon chores. Nothing goes better with baloney and cheese than teen-age girls jumping up and down and wiggling their butts.

Dick Clark
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

Reading the "First Suicide Attempt" comic in your September issue truly "rolled back time's endless flow" for me...back to my own university days and my first suicide attempts. Strolling through the drifting autumn leaves under

a drizzling sky at Cambridge—well, one naturally thought of suicide. It was the "thing to do," as you Yanks say. Many of us lean-bodied lads tried to "shuffle off the mortal coil" by reading Latin poets into the small hours of the morning, discussing angels with C.S. Lewis, or smearing marmite on J.R.R. Tolkien's wee-wee and licking it off. I must say, we had something then, and I wish those days would come back, days when we were young, bright, boning each other up the ass, and "half in love with easeful death." Anyway, thank you, chaps, for the memories.

Stephen Spender
Number 10, The Plums
Anyssex County, England

Sirs:

I got one thing to say about that suicide comic in this ish. It's fuckin' mental. And sick. You know what I mean? The kinda thing you wouldn't want your sister to read, 'cause it could drive her mental. How'd you like it if your sister ate a can of Drano and it didn't work and she's left a helpless cripple and doesn't even graduate in Home Ec. and she's just plain mental? I mean, if you're normal and got a sister.

Bud Bondarenko
Denver Bible College of Oceanography
Denver, Colo.

Sirs:

Every morning I get up at eight o'clock. I pour myself a glass of water from the faucet and adjust the kitchen curtains so the light is not in my eyes. Then I start my cleaning. I wipe the countertops and the cupboards and the sink. I also wipe the molding and the heating vents. Afterwards, I wipe my furniture, from top to bottom, every portion. Next, I wipe the windows and the walls and the floors. Then I wipe all the fixtures until they shine. Later, I wipe the bathroom, especially the mirror on the medicine cabinet. It's wipe and wipe and wipe for me, and without a break.

Someone
Somewhere

Sirs:

I am the new prime minister of Canada. How can I describe myself briefly? Well, Helmut Schmidt said that Margaret Thatcher is even stupider than Jimmy Carter, and I like to think I'm stupider than Margaret Thatcher. So I guess us Canadians are a couple of jumps ahead of you Yanks, ch?

Joe Clark
Ottawa, Canada

I Never Met a Man I Didn't Like

Memories of Will Rogers

by Ben Dockstader

as told to Michael Civitello

I'm glad ya asked me about Will Rogers. Not too many people do these days, ya know. Oh, a few—but not too many. Seems like all the others of his time—Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Laurel and Hardy, and that other one—that one with the nose...oh, what's his name...anyway, seems like ya can hardly pick up a magazine or newspaper without somebody rememberin' them. But not Will. So I'm glad ya asked.

I met Will in about 1914, when he was starring for Mr. Ziegfeld on Broadway. It was the Follies—I'm sure ya remember the Follies—all the chorus girls wearin' what we thought then was practically nothin' at all...you know, somebody told me the other day that the theater that Will was in in 1914 is still there, only it's called the Ramrod now and they got rid of the girls. Too bad.

Anyway, Will was real busy in 1914 'cause he'd do the regular Follies at night and then rush over to the New Amster-

dam Theater and do another show at midnight on the roof. He was so busy he hardly had time to breathe sometimes, he said to me. And I said to Will, "Will, I got some real good lungs enough for two. Why don't ya hire me to help ya out?" And Will just laughed and laughed at that one, and hired me to be his servant. Well, not his servant, really. Will was too much a man of the people ta ever have somethin' like a servant traipsin' after him all the time pickin' up his clothes and buyin' his gum and cleanin' his boots and givin' him a bath and liftin' up the seat when he had to.... No, ya really couldn't call me a servant. No, I was...I guess you'd just call me Will's friend, his real good friend who followed him everywhere just about twenty-four hours a day for three dollars a week.

'Cause Will couldn't have servants. He just couldn't. "I'm just a country boy from Oklahoma," he'd say. "And where I come from we only got two kinds of people. Them that do for themselves and them that do for others. Maybe in a highfalutin country like France, where all they do is sit around and put stuff up their noses and sneeze all day, they got servants, but in Oklahoma all we got is people doin' for themselves and other people helpin' out for about three dollars

a week—and they can be replaced by a nigger for about fifty cents."

Oh Lord, but everybody liked Will. That's 'cause of two things, I think. One was that he never ever forgot where he came from—Oklahoma, but you probably know that—and even when he was in Hollywood in the thirties and he had that ranch in Santa Monica with a riding ring and a polo stable of thirty horses and the western stable for ropin' and the corral and the big house and the guest house...and they elected him mayor of Beverly Hills, too...he never forgot where he came from. "Heck," he'd say. "I'm just a poor country boy from Oklahoma who got a little lucky with a rope and a mouth that tends to go on a little too much tellin' the truth, and if the sixty-seven people helpin' me out here in Santa Monica don't like it, they can be replaced by spics for about a quarter 'cause there's a depression goin' on."

And what about the second reason? Well, the second reason that everybody liked Will is 'cause Will liked everybody. He really did. You know that famous sayin' he said about himself all the time, don't ya? "I never met a man I didn't like," he said. Think on that. "I never met a man I didn't like." Will loved to say that. And it was true, it really was. There was some women Will met who he couldn't stand and used ta spit at, but they wasn't men, was they? And what they call black people today, but we used to call niggers back then, Will sorta didn't like either, but ya really couldn't call them men, the way they walked and all. Jews too, 'cause they didn't ride horses. I guess ya sorta had ta ride a horse and not walk funny to be a man to Will. So it was true. Will never met a man he didn't like...except...no, I better not say.

What? Oh, I wasn't gonna say nothin'. Never speak ill of the dead, I say. Why go and ruin the reputation of a great man like Will just for the sake of sellin' a few magazines? But if you really want to know the truth—heck, I'll tell ya.

O.K. Ya know, by the nineteen-thirties Will was really really famous. He was meetin' kings and queens and earls and dukes and you name it, he was so rich and famous. He had been real good friends with Calvin Coolidge, too, the president of the United States. In fact, ya sorta couldn't be president and not invite Will to the White House and then say what a great guy he was. So by the thirties, Herbert Hoover was president, and he decided to invite Will to dinner. It was in late 1931, I remember, 'cause Will had just cut my salary to \$1.25. It was the depression, ya see, like I mentioned before. "Ben," Will said to me, "it may look



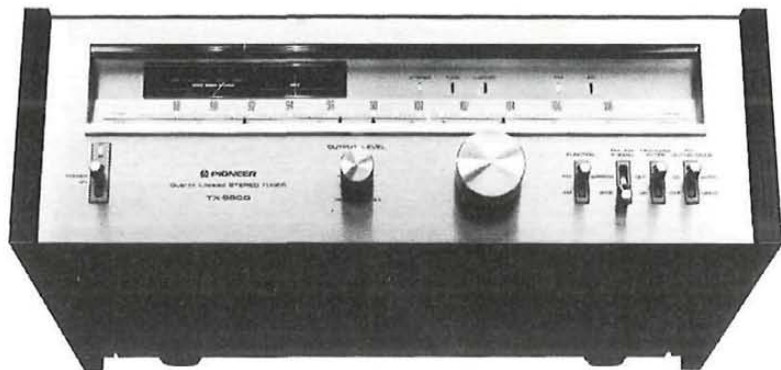
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PIONEER WINS THE AMP & TUNER BATTLE WITH A TECHNICAL KNOCK-OUT.



THE PIONEER TX-9800 TUNER.

At one time the struggle between amplifiers was won by the amp that had the most muscle. And the tuner that brought in the most stations also brought in the most acclaim.

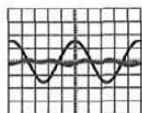
Today, there's one series of amplifiers whose technology has put it in a class by itself. And only one series of tuners that is its match.

They're Pioneer SA-9800 amplifiers. And TX-9800 tuners.

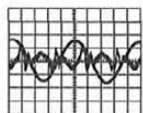
Until Pioneer's SA-9800, you had two choices when selecting an amplifier. Either you paid through the nose for a heat producing Class A amp. Or you paid through the ear for a distortion producing Class B.

Pioneer's SA-9800 offers the efficiency found in the finest Class B amplifiers. With a distortion level found in the finest Class A. An unheard of 0.005% at 10-20,000 hertz.

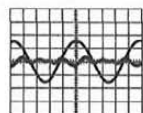
What's more, instead of slow-to-react VU meters that give you average readings or LED's that give you limited resolution, the SA-9800 offers a Fluroscan metering system that is so precise and so fast, it instantaneously follows every peak in the power to make sure you're never bothered by overload or clipping distortion.



CLASS A AMPLIFIER.
LEAST DISTORTION
BUT MOST HEAT.



CLASS B AMPLIFIER.
MOST DISTORTION
BUT LESS HEAT.



SA-9800.
LESS DISTORTION, LESS
HEAT, AND MORE POWER.

And while you're certain to find conventional power transistors in most conventional amplifiers, you won't find them in the SA-9800. Instead you'll find R.E.T. transistors that greatly increase frequency response. So instead of getting distortion at high frequencies, you get clean clear sound. Nothing more. Nothing less.

Obviously, it took revolutionary engineering to build Pioneer's new series of amplifiers. But that same technology and skillful engineering also went into Pioneer's new line of tuners.

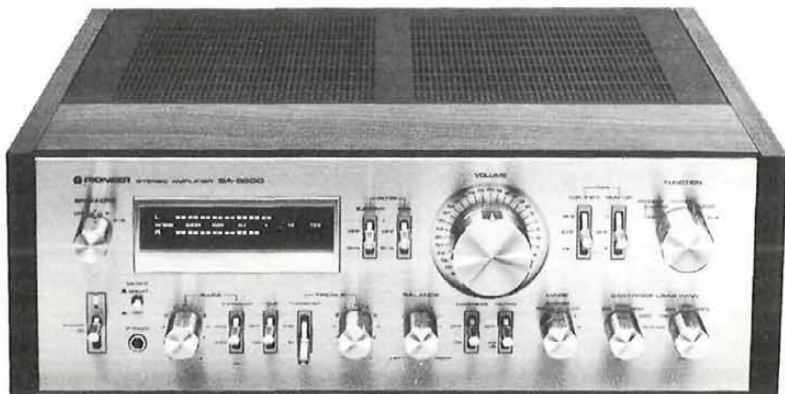
While other tuners offer features that just sound great, every feature in Pioneer's new TX-9800 helps to produce great sound.

Like Pioneer's new Quatrature Discriminator Transformer that helps reduce distortion to 0.05% at 1 KHz and raise signal-to-noise ratio to 83 dB. A specially designed Quartz Sampling Lock Tuning System that automatically locks onto your desired broadcast. And automatically eliminates FM drift. And two band widths for both AM and FM stations.

By now it must be quite obvious, that when it comes to engineering only a few amps and tuners are in Pioneer's class.

But when it comes to value there's **PIONEER** no contest. We bring it back alive.

THE PIONEER SA-9800 AMPLIFIER.





Nikon's latest...and perhaps greatest achievement

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THAT'S
LOW-COST
AND
EASY TO USE**

**THE NEW
NIKON EM**



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NEWS ON THE MARCH

Millions Get the Message

POPE TO POLAND: BREAK FREE



In a historical visit, Pope John Paul II recently returned to his native Poland, where he spoke to millions of enthusiastic onlookers in several public appearances. The pope's address was thought to have been an exhortation to political protest by Poland's millions of Catholics. The pontiff, in thirty-seven languages, many spoken all at the same time, called for Polish Catholics to "throw off the yoke of a cruel institution that rules by unreasoning authority,

withholds from its members the right to vote, governs through unelected and unaccountable officials, restricts access of its constituency to art and culture, imposes summary judgments in cases of wrongdoing without benefit of trial, and requires compulsory attendance at organized demonstrations."

Following these addresses, a total of twelve million Polish Catholics announced that they were taking the pope's advice, and leaving the Catholic church.

Blames Wife, Fingers

LANCE INDICTED FOR BANK FRAUD

Bert Lance, friend of the president and one-time director of the Office of Management and Budget, has been indicted on several counts of fraud in connection with a number of Georgia banks. Lance, however, has blamed the difficulty on his wife, and on the fact that he has "fat fingers."

"Each of 'em must weigh pretty near nine pounds," he told reporters, holding aloft the digits in question. "I have real trouble operating those darn pocket calculators with 'em, and I guess I must have punched the wrong button once or twice.

"Besides," he continued, "I left some of those transactions for Labelle to take care of—she balances the checkbook at home, and likes to come in every now and then and dicker with the bank ledgers. I guess she just made some mistakes! But that's your women's lib for you, though, ain't it? Anyhow, we sure do apologize and we'll never do it again."



Big Business Aims to Ease the Gas Crunch Oil Companies Propose New Rationing Plan



YOU REALLY TINK DEY'LL BUY IT BY DE PINT?

DE PINT! DE FIFTH! DE SCHMUCKS OUT DERE'LL BUY IT BY DE SHOT!

MONEY!!

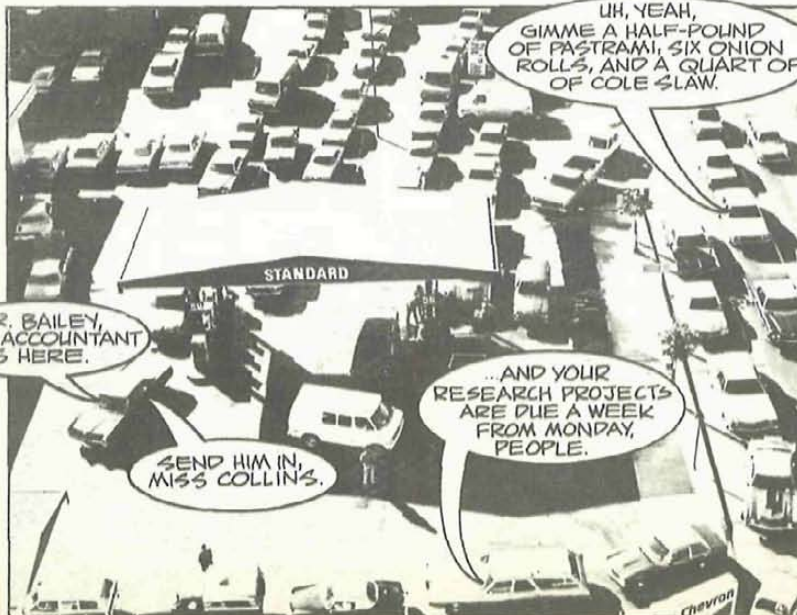
Those Crazy Californians Gas Lines Spawn Mini-Communities

Small, complex communities have arisen around some of the longer gasoline lines in California, sociologists have recently reported.

"Some lines are so long," writes Dr. Leon Pabst in the September issue of *The American Sociologist*, "that it takes a full half-tank of gas just to make it to the end of the line. This generates a cyclical pattern in which cars never leave the station, but simply remain in line for weeks on end. Consequently, the functions of the community are as-

sumed by the different drivers. There is one such community that has grown up around a Texaco station in Santa Monica. One Ford ranch wagon serves as a high school, a Volvo is a dry cleaner, a VW bus is a supermarket, and so on.

"This is similar to the 'Okie' phenomenon that occurred during the depression—except, of course, that these people aren't from Oklahoma, they aren't migrant workers, they aren't poor, and there isn't a dust bowl. Otherwise, the situation is identical."



MR. BAILEY, YOUR ACCOUNTANT IS HERE.

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...AND YOUR RESEARCH PROJECTS ARE DUE A WEEK FROM MONDAY, PEOPLE.

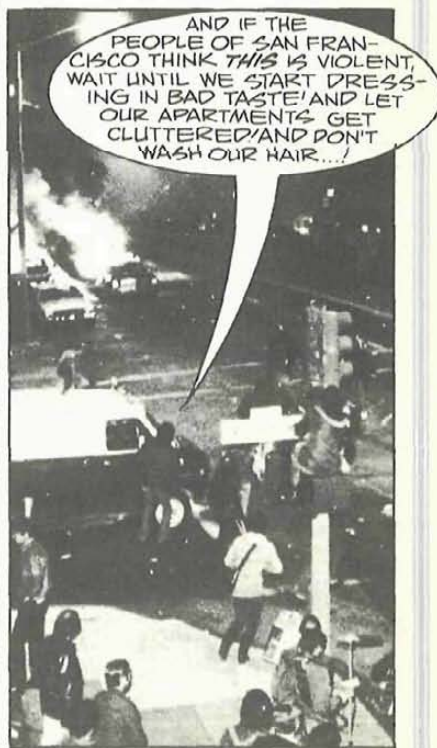
UH, YEAH, GIMME A HALF-POUND OF PASTRAMI, SIX ONION ROLLS, AND A QUART OF OF COLE SLAW.

Frisco Fags Run Wild Gays Bring San Francisco to Its Knees

San Francisco homosexuals, angry over what they consider a too-lenient sentence given the man who shot Mayor George Moscone and his aide, Harvey Milk, rioted recently. The disturbance culminated in the calling of a general strike, which left the city paralyzed.

"Many vital services were completely crippled," noted one city official. "And I'm not just talking about the shutdown of every hair stylist shop in the city. I'm talking about the almost total absence of new window dressing displays in department stores and boutiques. I'm talking about the virtual cessation of all transsexual reviews. All leather-and-chain stores were closed. And the city suffered an almost total loss of those tasteful little gourmet restaurants with spider plants in the windows, as well as all the cute print galleries and bookstores."

City officials say that although the strike has ended, San Francisco will need at least three months to recover.



AND IF THE PEOPLE OF SAN FRANCISCO THINK THIS IS VIOLENT, WAIT UNTIL WE START DRESSING IN BAD TASTE AND LET OUR APARTMENTS GET CLUTTERED AND DON'T WASH OUR HAIR...!

N.Y. Pushers Go Underground

New York City's war on drug pushers has had unexpected results: major seizures of hard drugs have sent unemployed pushers down into the subways, where they are pushing people under trains. "They gotta push something," one official explained; "it's the criminal mentality, right?"

**Western TV Banned in Iran
Rebels Stage Favorite Shows in Streets**



photograph by David Burnett / Contact

**"Mo" Pahlavi Digs In
Shah to Make Last Stand**

Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, the former Shah of Iran, has announced that he is "tired of running," and intends to "hole up" in a hideout until he is either killed or allowed to go free by the Ayatollah Khomeini. Khomeini has offered a reward to anyone who is able to kill Pahlavi.

"A man's gotta do what he's gotta do," Pahlavi told reporters. "Me and my boys is ready for whatever Khomeini sends at us. And I take it as a personal honor that he put a price on my head. Ya hear that, Khomeini? *I'm proud you put a price on*

my head!"

Pahlavi, together with his wife, the former Empress Farah, are reportedly sequestering themselves in a "modest little house somewhere in Mexico."

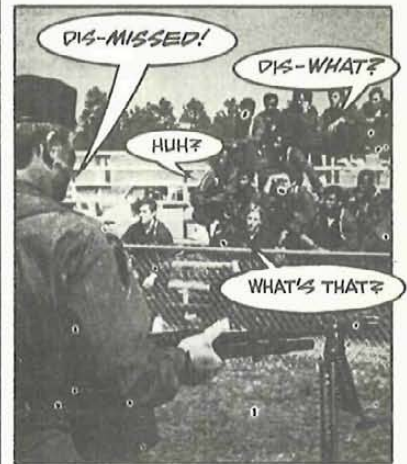
"I got net assets of around sixty billion dollars," said the Shah. "And you only live once, right? So I'm getting some things, a video-beam TV, a pinball machine, maybe a pool table. It'll be real nice. And Farah's a good kid. we have a lotta laughs.

"But I'm prepared to go to the mattresses if I have to."

**Amish Epidemic a
"Misunderstanding"**

An apparent outbreak of polio among the Amish in rural Pennsylvania has turned out to be a false alarm. "We got word that they had contracted polio," said Dr. Bernard Greenberg of Lebanon's Mount Horeb Hospital. "Turns out they had actually signed contracts to play professional polo. Someone got their smoke signals mixed up." Smoke signaling is the traditional Amish means of communication. "They won't get near a telephone," Dr. Greenberg lamented.

**Basic Training Way Off-Base
Army Hard Up, Plans
Dix Pullout**



In an effort to stimulate recruitment in the volunteer army, the Department of Defense has announced that it will close several major training bases, including Fort Dix in New Jersey. Hereafter, all training of new recruits will, says the department, "take place at the soldier's home, in his living room, as it were. On the honor system, just like at West Point."

"According to our studies," explained Col. Lester Tilsiter, "the kind of kids we're looking for, the kind of kids who maybe aren't so good at basketball and disco dancing, if you catch my drift, don't like basic training or the regimen of living on an army base. So what we're going to do is let them bunk and train at home. We'll mail them uniforms and manuals, guns, ammo, everything. When they learn to grease a tank, say, they send in a little note and we send back a nice certificate. It ought to work out fine."

Col. Tilsiter explained that before the new plan was adopted, the Joint Chiefs considered the alternative of trying to revive the draft, but finally decided that the country couldn't stand another round of "protest marches, flag burnings, and that dumb cunt Joan Baez."



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**Transition Effected Smoothly
Israel Yields Sinai Settlement to Egypt**



After twelve years of Israeli occupation, the town of El Arish was officially returned to Egypt recently, in keeping with the Mideast peace accord.

Egyptian President Anwar Sadat called the transfer of authority "historic," and immediately announced plans for the area.

"First, we of course must destroy any remaining Israeli orange groves, fig and

date plantations, and all such fertile, arable areas. Then we will proceed with our project of restoring the desert to its original horrible aridity and desolation, after which we will construct a crude, one-room hut and surround it with rusted tin fuel cans, useless old tractor tires, and sick camels. Return to this place in six months, and you won't recognize it!"

**First Execution Since Gilmore
Spenkelink Gets Chair
in Florida**

Convicted murderer John Spenkelink was executed in the electric chair recently in Florida. The execution, a subject of controversy in Florida and around the nation, was explained by a local legal official as "being in society's best interest."

"It wasn't just because of the murder conviction," said Assistant D.A. Stephen Porter. "It was his name. No one could pronounce it. No one could spell it. We would get documents back from the computer that said *Spelunker, Spankadink, Winkydink, Sputnik, and Leonspink*. It was driving us crazy, it was driving the computers crazy, and the thought of having to process more and more papers for this individual, for parole applications and retrial proceedings and whatnot, made frying him seem the best recourse. It was a case of him or us—by 'us', of course, I mean society. Guess who won."



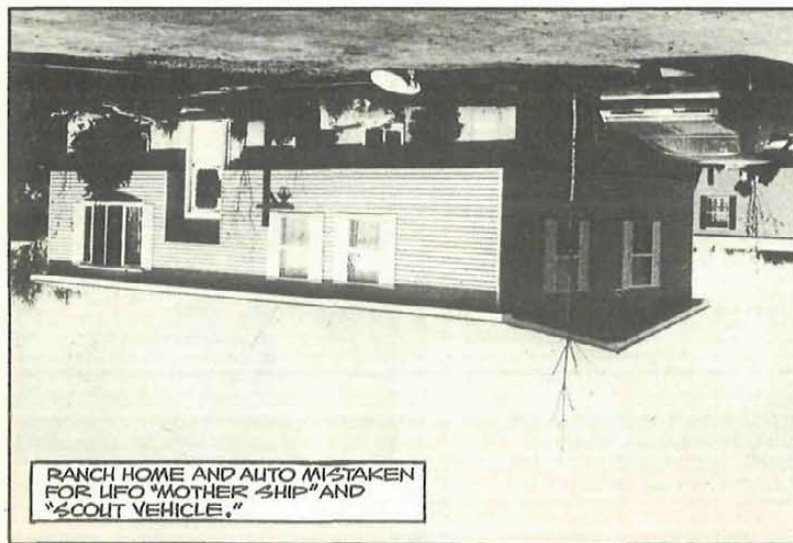
**Will Comply with Government
Order
Douglas Responds to
DC-10 Furor**

A high-ranking official of McDonnell-Douglas has responded to the public controversy surrounding the recent crash of one of the company's DC-10 aircrafts near Chicago, in which 273 persons died.

"Let's not lose perspective," he said. "Yes, the plane malfunctioned—but remember that as soon as we knew something was wrong, the plane was grounded immediately."

He went on to state that the company will comply with the government's order that all DC-10s be grounded. "We will ground the planes without any interruption to our daily schedule. Beginning next week, all DC-10 flights will travel from city to city on the ground. Full ground speed of 600 miles per hour will be maintained. However, there will have to be a slight increase in fares to compensate for road and bridge tolls."

**Saucers Not Sighted "Down Under" After All
UFO Mystery Explained**



Australia's defense forces were put on nationwide alert recently when a fleet of UFOs was spotted hovering over a Sydney suburb. Members of the suburban guard spent a restless afternoon and evening patrolling the street, wearing hats with one side pinned up and discharging rifles in the air "to let them know we're watching," as one patrolman put it.

Experts from England explained the mystery a week later.

"It was all a big mix-up," said the leader of the British team. "Apparently the Australians had been drinking rather heavily the night before the sighting, and had forgotten that their country is upside-down. What they had thought to be strange flying objects were actually automobiles at rest in driveways!"

BACK ISSUES

Please indicate number of copies in appropriate box.

- OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES?** With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album.
- DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER:** With Son-o-God comics = 2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Mag, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement.
- MAY, 1973/FRAUD:** With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin.
- SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR:** With Life parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, White dove comics, Victory Supplement, Guerre Magazine, and Military Trading Cards.
- JULY, 1974/DESSERT:** With *Famine*, *Circles* Magazine, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers, Amanda, Rodrigues' Gastronomique Comique, and *Suits and Sandwiches* Magazine.
- AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE:** With Agnew's A Very Sizable Advance, *Seer* Magazine, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster = 7, and True Menu.
- SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE:** With Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and *Battled* Comics.
- NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS:** With *The Rockefeller Art Collection*, *Prison Farm*, Constitutional Comics, and *Watergate Down*.
- JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE:** With *Neopagan Mother* Magazine, Bruce McCall's Zeppiest, First High Comics, Watergate, Irwa Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades Massacre.
- MAY, 1975/MEDICINE:** With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedies, and *Our Wonderful Bodies*.
- AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE:** With *The Rockefeller Altica Report*, Code of Hammurabi, Gahan's Arrest Magazine, Inherit Their Wind, and *World Night Court*.
- SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE:** With the *Varsor Yearbook*, *Football Preview*, *Scholarship Scams*, *Academic Plays*, and the *Esquiro* parody.
- DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY:** With *The Great Price War*, *Entrepreneurs*, and a *Fortune* parody.
- APRIL, 1976/SPORTS:** With *Dogfighting*, *Silver Jack*, *The Glory of Their Hands*, *The U.S. Olympic Handbook*, and *The Puck Stops Here*.
- SEPTEMBER, 1976/THE LATEST ISSUE:** With a complete list of Bad Words, *Western Romance Part Three*, *Brave Dog Magazine*, and the return of both Uncle Buckle and cat hammerer.
- OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES:** With a four-page full color Nuts, *The Aesop Brothers* on honeymoon, *Verlan*, *Sherman the Tank*, *Odd Bodkins*, and dozens of other comics and cartoons.
- NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE:** Is Democracy fued? The complete story of the Townville campaign, starring Ford and Carter look-alikes, with the traditional bribery, corruption, and natural gas.
- JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE:** With *Those Lazy Hazy Crazy Final Days*, lots of hilarious cartoons, sight gags, comics, and the *Scientific American* parody.
- FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE:** With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1962-1976), the *Village Voice* parody, *War in Ireland*, and the *Jackie Memorial*.
- APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV:** With *T-Bird and Monza*, *TV Magazine*, *Monday Night Sleep*, *PBS Concordance*, and *Carah's Dumpster*.
- JUNE, 1977/CAREERS:** With mercenaries, wetbacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Sussman's get-rich tips, and Sam Gross.
- JULY, 1977/SEX:** With the inevitable *Hite Report* parody, *What Every Young Woman Should Know*, porn flicks, skin books, stroke mags, and the Last True-Life Western Romance.
- SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP:** With the health facts, insurance madness, *Gidget Goes Senile*, a guide to adults, and Gahan Wilson's *Grown-ups Can Do Anything*.
- OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES:** With *Mersey Moptop Façade*, *Fabparade* Magazine, *Beat the Beatles*, the unreleased albums of John, George, Ringo, Paul, and Frank Sinatra, and the authentic McCartney autopsy report.
- NOVEMBER, 1977/LIFESTYLES:** With *Best Medical Flea Market*, *Busting Out of Suburbia*, *Orgasmic Backlash*, *White Rastafarians*, and *Best Negroes in New York*.
- DECEMBER, 1977/CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER:** With the death of Santa Claus, alternate good taste covers, cards, presents, and the *Texos* Supplement.
- JANUARY, 1978/THE ROLE OF SEX IN HISTORY:** With the Socratic Manologue, *Sex in Ancient China*, the *Greens*, and the 53 rulers of the *Ancient World*.
- FEBRUARY, 1978/SPRING FASCISM PREVIEW:** With *National Socialist Review*, the *Toronto Supplement*, *Euro-rings*, *The Real Adolf Hitler*, and *Fascist Food*.
- MARCH, 1978/CRIME AND PUNISHMENT:** With *Short Hairs*, the history of Crime in the Cinema, the *Maltese Canary Plantings*, *Crimes*, and *Just Deserts*.
- APRIL, 1978/SPRING CLEANING:** With the *Birds of Ireland*, the *New York Supplement*, four-color comics by Rodrigues, Wilson, Flenniken, and Browne, and the *Autorama*.
- JUNE, 1978/THE WILD WEST:** With *Even Bluebirds Get the Gow's*, the *Indian Section*, *Our Family Journey* to the West, and *Cowboys of Maine Landis*.
- JULY, 1978/100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE:** With a gazillion of speeches, *Sussman* and *Goentzen's* history of Nat, and *Born Again* on the Fourth of July, and comics by Wilson, Rodrigues, and *Substzky*.
- AUGUST, 1978/TODAY'S TEENS:** With *Savvyteen* and *Ree*, teen magazines, comics by Wilson and Flenniken, *Then and Now*, a *Field Guide* to Young Teen-age Girls, and a *Nat*, and report on education in America.
- SEPTEMBER, 1978/STYLE:** With *Regular Guy Quarterly*, *Dress for Success*, *Alto Sheek*, and a complete fall fashion forecast.
- OCTOBER, 1978/ENTERTAINMENT:** With movie, TV, and music sections, *Porter and Beltr*, self-amusement, Wilson, Rodrigues, and a *Nat*, and guide to the *Big Ten*.
- NOVEMBER, 1978/THE BODY:** With *Memors of a Saigon*, *Pot Mox*, and *Cowley*, *Captain Gadawor* by Gahan Wilson, *How Our Bodies Develop*, and a *True Body Section*.
- DECEMBER, 1978/FOOD AND FESTIVITY:** With *Modern Menus*, *Food of Many Nations*, a *General History of Food Fighting*, a *Gourmet Guide*, and a *True Food Section*.
- JANUARY, 1979/DEPRESSION:** With *Psychopages*, *What I Got for Christmas*, *New Year's Eve*, special *Cheer-Up* section, and comics by Gahan Wilson, *Substzky*, and *Flenniken*.
- FEBRUARY, 1979/HETEROSEXUALITY:** With *Very Married Sex*, a look at backstrokes, *Planet of the Living Women*, *Screwing Your Best Friend's Wife*, and a profile of *Mr. Right*.
- MARCH, 1979/CHANCE:** With *Track Rats*, *Vegas*, *Unchained Melodrama*, *How to Drive Fast*, and *John and Gerry's risk section*.
- APRIL, 1979/APRIL FOOL:** With *Salacious Items*, and *Lewd Articles*, *Florida College Spring Vacation*, *Travel Supplement*, the 1946 Buickmobiles, and a *Life Magazine* parody.
- MAY, 1979/INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM AND TERRORISM:** With *EXPL0 79*, *Boris Bond of KGB*, *Girls of the Communist Bloc*, and the ultimate *Comrade* guide *The Pink Pages*.
- JUNE, 1979/KIDS:** With *Alice in Regularland*, *Young Burns*, *Big Boys*, *Child Pornography*, and comics by *Shary Flenniken* and *Gahan Wilson*.
- JULY, 1979/SPORTS:** With *Action Golf*, *Game Bunnies*, *Weekend Athletes*, and a special *Encyclopedia of Participatory Sports* by the editors.
- AUGUST, 1979/TRAVEL:** With *A Girl's Letters Home* from Europe, *Vacation Travel Then and Now*, *Traveler's Aid*, and *Where to Get the Best Sex in Europe*.

Maggie Out, Mo In New First Lady Elected in Canada

Canadians surprised the world in a recent election by voting a decisive no to eccentric, promiscuous First Lady Margaret Trudeau, and yes to the slightly less eccentric, less promiscuous Maureen McTeer. Trudeau's husband, Pierre, rode his wife's skirttail to defeat as Canada's prime minister, and will be replaced in that largely symbolic post by McTeer's husband, Joe Clark.

The election of McTeer is widely interpreted as evincing a move to the right in Canadian politics. Her name has been linked with those of several semi-exciting public figures, including former senator Hugh Scott (with whom McTeer is said to have once "made out"), and singer Glen Campbell.

Margaret Trudeau campaigned vigorously on election night by dancing naked with Truman Capote at Studio 54, a New York disco.

Mr. Clark, meanwhile, has announced his intention to "expand the powers and efficacy of the position of prime minister." He told well-wishers, "I want to make it more than just a ceremonial job, only good for opening supermarkets and dedicating battleships."



John Wayne on Hold Late Great Must Wait

The late movie actor John Wayne has been informed that, because of his deathbed conversion to Catholicism, he will not be allowed to enter Movie Star Heaven until "the last minute." "We will not be toyed with up Here," St. Peter told reporters. "The Duke wants to wait until the final three hours, fine. Let's just say we'll wait until the final three hours of eternity before we let him in."

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NEWS BRIEFS



GE Clears Killer Hair Dryers

The discovery that many commercial hair dryers contain asbestos (a known carcinogen) was arrived at erroneously, says a spokesman for General Electric. "Scientists dried the hair of laboratory mice until they developed tumors," he said, "but it wasn't the asbestos in the dryers. They were using fire-resistant mice, and it was the asbestos in the mice that caused the disease." The news has reportedly brought expressions of relief from long-haired mice the world over.

Siamese Twins Split

Lisa and Elisa Hansen, the Siamese twins joined at the head, have announced that their recent separation at the University of Utah Medical Center was "entirely amicable." "We just felt we needed time away from one another," Lisa said. The pair have made no plans as to when, if ever, they will get back together.

Rock Publisher Expands

Jann Wenner, publisher of *Rolling Stone*, has purchased *Look* magazine. When asked about it, Wenner explained, "I'm really getting into photography, but Annie [Liebovitz, photo editor of *Rolling Stone*] won't let me near the darkroom. I got some really cute shots of my cat, and I think they'd be great for *Look*."

Detroit Police Seek Hotline Killer

Detroit police, joined by Michigan state troopers, are looking for a man who, armed with an electronic device allowing him to cut into telephone conversations, has been interrupting suicide and drug calls and providing troubled persons with inaccurate advice. On fifteen occasions he has told suicidal callers that "no one likes you, you're unimportant," and followed with instructions on how they could end their lives. He also provided dozens of

teen callers with improper birth control information, and referred drug withdrawal cases to a known narcotics dealer. Police believe the man may be a disgruntled telephone company employee because of the sophisticated equipment he uses during the commission of his crimes. He is being blamed in eight deaths.

Snyder Replacement

David Berkowitz, New York's controversial "Son of Sam" murderer, is slated to replace Tom Snyder on NBC's "Tomorrow" show starting this fall, network sources said.

FCC Revokes Radio Station's License for Faking News

A radio station in Atlanta has had its license revoked by the Federal Communications Commission for allegedly making up its news. The radio station, which used an all-news format, apparently had a staff of five writers who wrote all the news stories that were broadcast on the station twenty-four hours a day. "This is a gross violation of the privilege of using the public airwaves," an FCC investigator said.

The station manager claims that when he ran "regular news," no one listened to his station, but when he switched to fabricated news stories about an attempt on President Carter's life, a cure for cancer found in cornflakes exposed to television light, and mass murders that never occurred, the station experienced an 800 percent increase in listenership. The station has been denied an appeal by the FCC and will go to court with the matter.

Wrench Inventor Wins Ten Million

Peter Roberts, who invented a special wrench, which he later sold to his employer, Sears, Inc., has won a lawsuit claiming he was improperly compensated. The settlement is reported to amount to ten million dollars. Sears officials claim they feel no bitterness toward their former employee. "As soon as we can round up ten million dollars worth of those wrenches, we're going to bring 'em over and dump 'em on his house," said one.

Liquid Air Corp. to Sell Farts

Liquid Air Corp. of North America has announced plans to manufacture and market synthetic farts through an Italian subsidiary. The farts, which will be made of home-cooked food and premium quality beer, will be available in a variety of strengths and will be louder than natural farts.

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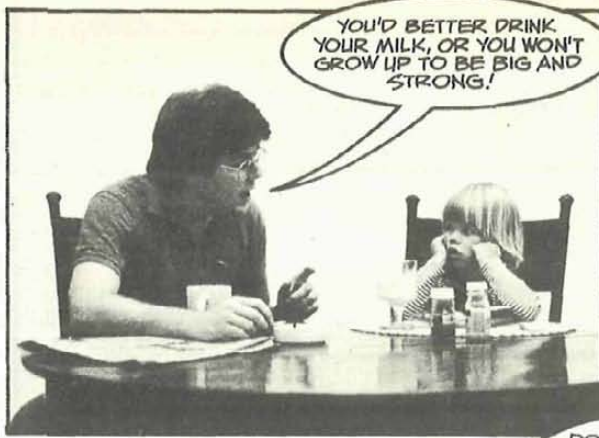
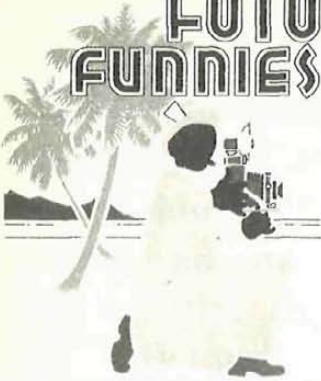
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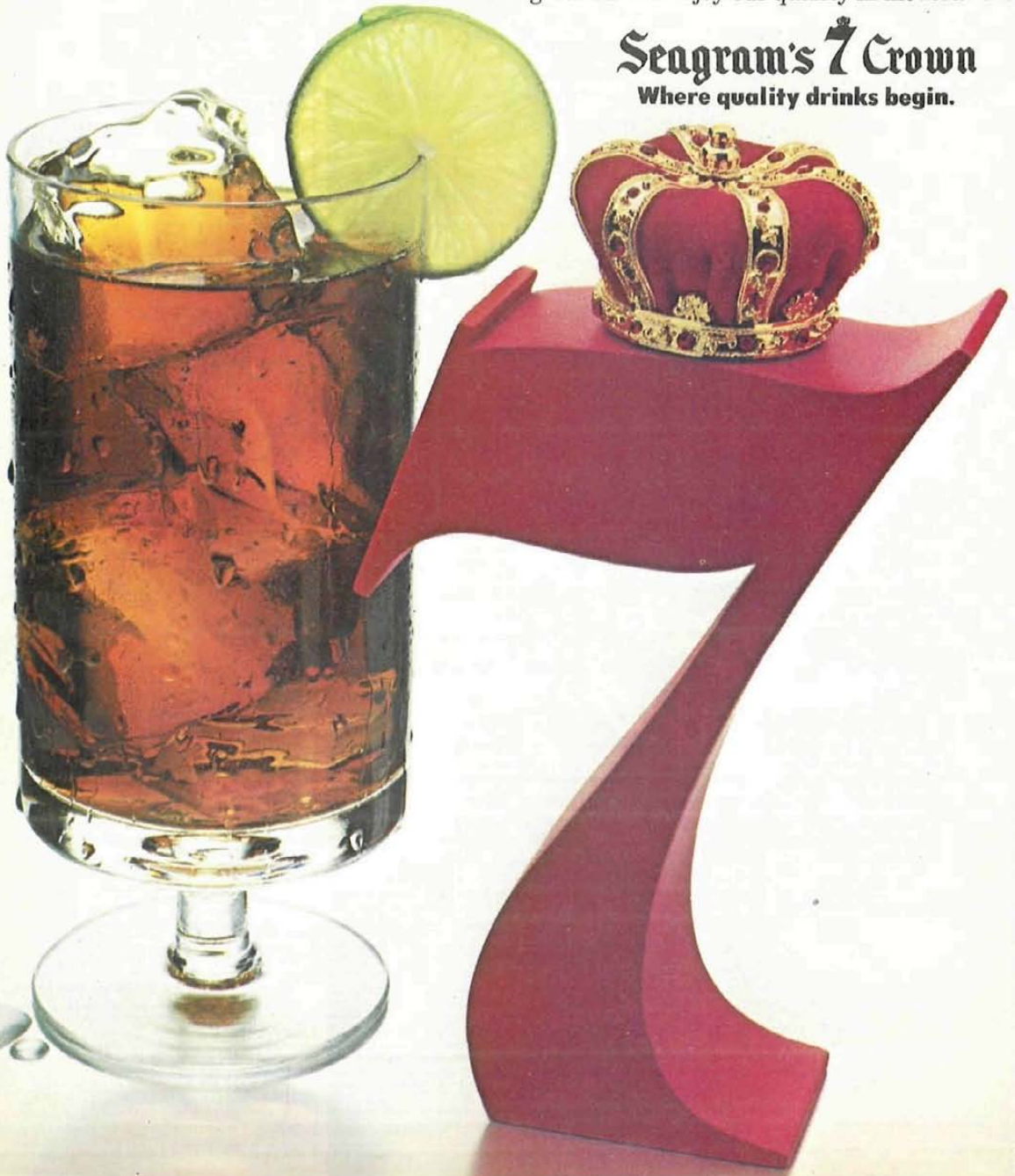
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I NEVER MET A MAN

continued from page 14

like I'm a rich man what with the 200,000 dollars a picture I get and all the horses, but I ain't. I'm just a poor country boy from Oklahoma who had ta pay five hundred and ninety-seven thousand dollars in income taxes last year, and I'll be damned if you're gonna get fat while I'm starvin' here in Beverly Hills."

Anyway, Will and me went ta the White House for dinner in 1931. President Hoover was there with his wife, Mrs. Hoover—I never did get her first name, 'cause the president only called her Mrs. Hoover the whole time—and Will. Just the three of 'em. And me, of course, standin' by Will in case he dropped his napkin or a piece a bread or somethin' so's I could pick it up. Well, they were all laughin' and talkin' and carryin' on and such. But then somethin' started ta go wrong. Now, ya gotta remember that this was 1931 and the country was in real bad shape, and every day Mr. Hoover was catchin' hell from somebody for lettin' the country go down the toilet bowl ta shit. So he was sorta sensitive. Anyway, Will mentioned somethin' about the five hundred and ninety-seven thousand dollars he had paid in income taxes that year, and how he was wonderin' how Mr. Hoover—who was from Iowa—coulda picked up somethin' like Communism in Des Moines.

"Are you calling me a Communist, Mr. Rogers?" said President Hoover, all tense with peas fallin' off his fork.

"Now hold on, Mr. President," said Will, all calmlike. "Alls I said was that it seems ta me that things just got off ta a bad start in this country when you rode ta the inauguration in a troika. And that a man who will take five hundred and ninety-seven thousand dollars from a poor country boy from Oklahoma most likely dresses up in a red suit even when it ain't Christmas." Will was smilin' as he said all this, 'cause like I said, he held malice toward none. Like Lincoln, almost.

"Well, Mr. Rogers," said the president, his face gettin' a little red, "I'll have you know that I am the leading exponent of free enterprise and rugged individualism in this country."

"Takin' five hundred and ninety-seven thousand dollars from a poor country boy don't make you a rugged individual," said Will slow. "Makes ya more like a rugged horse thief?"

"Mr. Rogers!" yelled the president. "You may be loved by this country, but—"

"Speakin' of loved," said Will real quick, "it seems ta me that you bin tellin' us ta tighten our belts for awhile now,

Mr. President, and most Americans is ready ta tighten their belts. Around your neck."

Well, when Mr. Hoover heard that he just stood up and yelled the most foul language I'd heard since backstage at the Follies. Mrs. Hoover, with a real big smile on her face, leaned over and touched the president's arm. "Herbert," she said real sweetlike, "remember that our guest has his own radio show heard by the entire country, and has a syndicated newspaper column in over eight hundred newspapers. Now why don't we all sit down and listen to one of Mr. Rogers's wonderful stories?" And she smiled real big again.

"Well, Mr. President," said Will, smilin' almost as big as Mrs. Hoover, "I was in Oklahoma the other week and visitin' with some farmers. 'What ya raisin'?' I asked 'em. 'Pigs,' says one of 'em with a real grim expression. 'Pigs?' I says. 'Why, I read in the paper the other day that pigs is only gettin' two cents a pound, and it's costin' over ten cents a pound just ta raise 'em. Why the heck you guys raisin' pigs?'"

"Well, Mr. Rogers," says another farmer, this one even grimmer than the first, 'we ain't figurin' on sellin' 'em. We're figurin' on electin' 'em ta Congress!"

Mr. Hoover started ta look like he was goin' ta hit Will. But Will kept talkin'.

"Hmmm," he says, "why and I think that might make some sense. As long as the president ain't got no friends in Congress, he might as well have some of his relatives." And Will smiled that famous friendly smile of his, but he was angry, I could tell, 'cause he kept his hands under the table and made a circle with one hand—like a O.K. sign—while stickin' his middle finger of the other hand through it, which in Oklahoma means somethin' really disgustin'.

Well, young man, that's just about it. Nothin' happened after that—Mr. Hoover just left the room real quick, and Mrs. Hoover followed him, sayin', "Excuse me, Mr. Rogers. You must come again some time."

"I will," said Will. "And we can roast some of your nephews with applesauce." Then she was gone.

And that's all there is to it. Will and me just left the White House all alone and went back ta Hollywood the next day. And Mr. Hoover issued a statement sayin' what a warm, wonderful man Will was, and how he represented all the best things in this country and was plain and honest, not like the Europeans, who still owed us money from World War I.

So maybe there was one man that Will met and didn't like. But only one, I swear. Except for maybe...no, that one I really can't tell. □



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THIS IS THE NATIONAL LAMPOON FALL POTPOURRI ISSUE.



YOU SEE, A POTPOURRI IS A... WELL, IT'S LOTS OF THINGS.



ORIGINALLY, IT WAS A VERY SPICY STEW, AND THE NAME FOR IT CAME FROM THE LATIN WORDS FOR "PUTRID POT."



THAT SOUNDS DOUBLE YUCKY, DOESN'T IT? "PUTRID POT STEW!" I MEAN, THROW UP!



BUT IT WAS A SPANISH DISH, SO REAL WHITE PEOPLE NEVER HAD TO EAT MUCH OF IT, THANK GOODNESS.



THEN, AFTER THAT, POTPOURRI STARTED TO MEAN A JAR OR BOX OF DRIED FLOWER PETALS MIXED UP WITH OTHER STUFF AND USED BY OLD-FASHIONED LADIES TO MAKE DRAWERS AND CLOSETS SMELL GOOD.



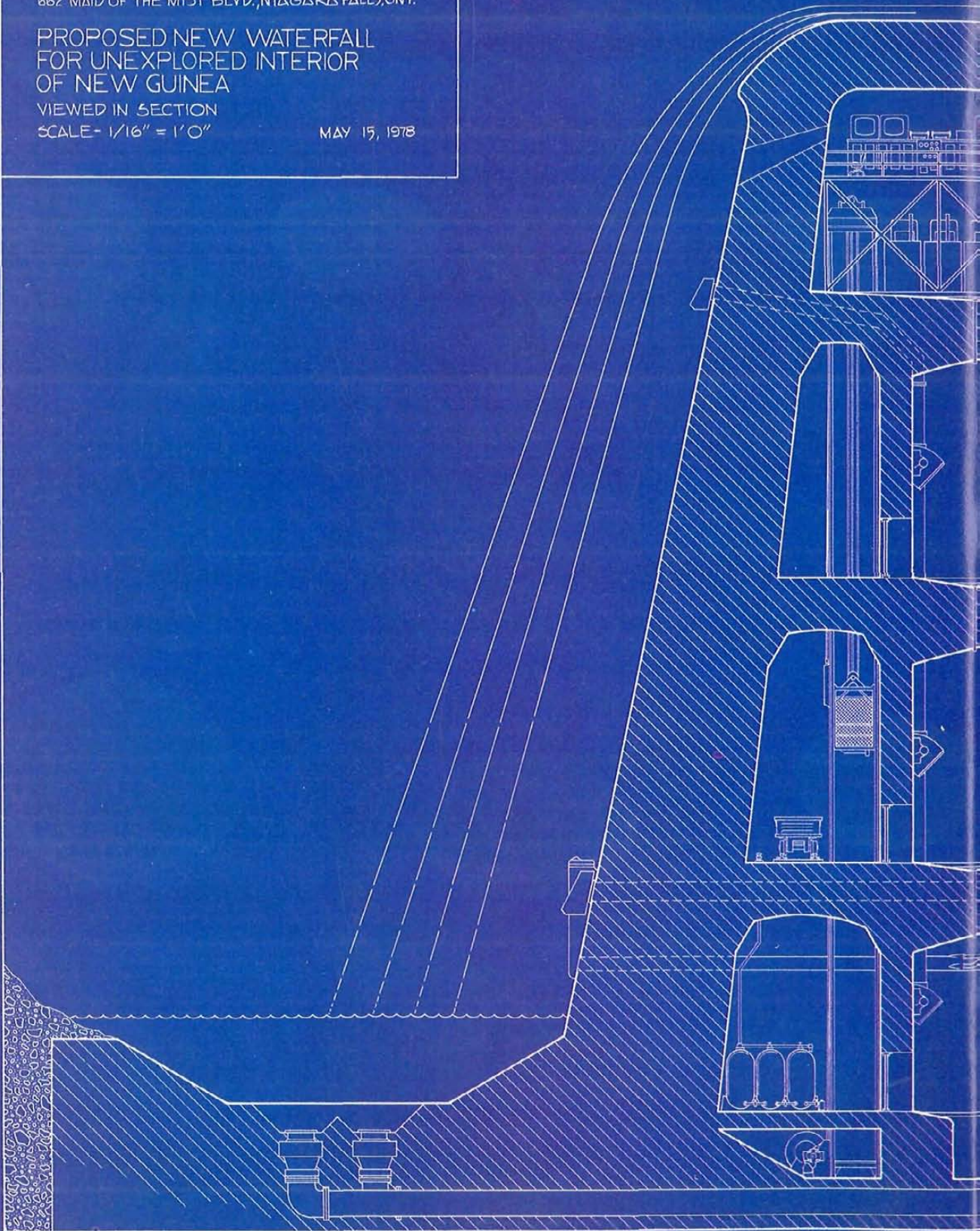
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MAY 15, 1978



NIAGARA FALLS

by Ted Mann

Sure. Who hasn't heard of Niagara Falls? Maybe some guy way up the Amazon somewhere—you know, a state-of-nature-type person who never got married or went on a proper honeymoon to make it legal. Maybe he never heard of the Falls. Oh, and the wife says deaf people never heard of the Falls neither, but maybe they seen pictures, which is partially the same thing.

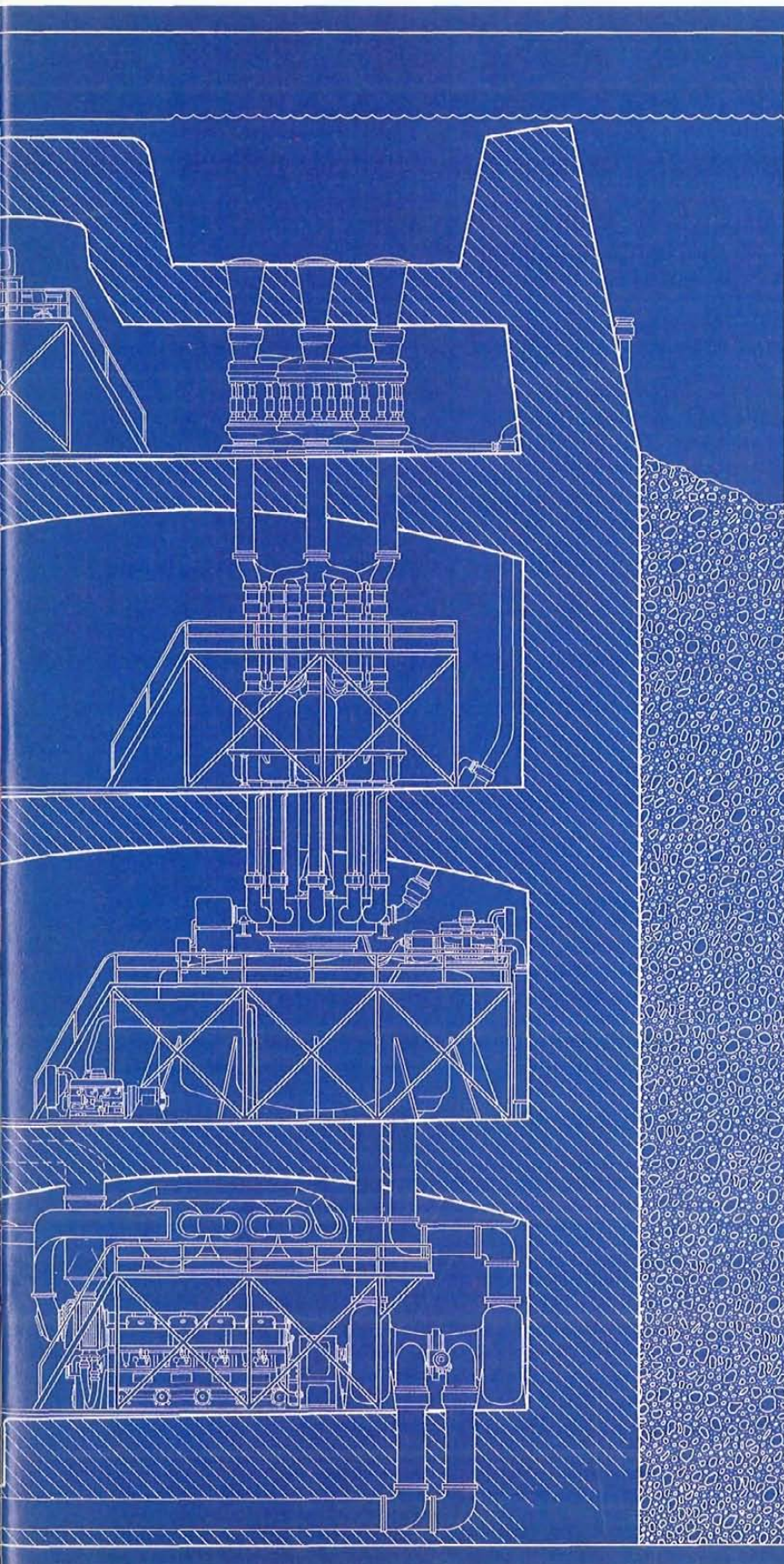
Most people have heard of the Falls, and a good many have been to see them besides. They're a big natural resource for our country, Canada, and people come from all over the States and England to see them. Though not too many Mexicans come, even on honeymoons. I guess that's because they're a nationalistic type of people and would prefer to stare at their own natural resources on sacred occasions, though looking at some of the things they got down there doesn't seem to me an auspicious way to start off on a married life.

I guess we all know Canada got the best part of the Falls. When the border was being made with the United States, that was a big part of the contention. Britain so much as told them, "You got a choice," said the king at the time; "you can have representational government and less oppression, or you can have Niagara Falls." Well, we all know what the Americans chose, and personally, I think George III got the best of them that time, even though later historians were to say unkind things about his sanity.

So we Canadians got the Falls—the Horseshoe Falls, which are the only really good ones—and the Americans got the American Falls, which they patriotically called the American Falls to try to make up for the fact they aren't very good at all.

There's a lot of talk these days about the natural wonders we've got in Canada. About those hot springs they've got out in Harrison, B.C.; and the set of reversing river rapids in New Brunswick; and our

continued



NIAGARA FALLS

continued

great plains, which are some of the flattest great plains on the face of the earth—where a man can look as far as the eye can see and not see a thing; but there's really nothing to compare with the Niagara Falls.

Now right away I can hear some wise guy saying that the Angel Falls down in South America are bigger. All right, maybe they are. But to get to them, you've got to ride on the back of a llama—which is a beast that has a coat like an old bathrobe—and is as uncomfortable as sitting on a sawhorse and about as easy to stay up on as a pogo stick. It also spits in public, which is not refined, especially if it gets on you. No, you can take your Angel Falls and drink them, and the same with your Nile River Cataracts, which people say are a great class of waterfall, but who can tell—cataracts being as they are an underground phenomenon.

No, you ask any thinking person and they'll tell you that for sheer grandeur and convenience to motels and civilized facilities, Niagara Falls is the very best. People go back for their second and third honeymoons, and that's the best argument I can give you without actually being close enough to shake my fist in your face.

Of course I expect most people to agree with me, even if they've never donned a slicker early in the morning and took a ride beneath the Falls while the sunlight was still so fresh you'd almost think a loud noise would be enough to drive it off. Down there on the boat they call the *Maid of the Mist*. And if you go in the off-season, the motels are so reasonable you'd be surprised.

At least all of that's what I always believed. Believing in Niagara Falls was as natural to me as believing in God. In fact, I always believed in Niagara Falls more than God. Why, I'd say, with no offense to the Almighty, that by the time I was twelve I'd heard a lot of people play free and loose with His name, but I never heard anyone say, "If that ain't the truth, I'll ride over Niagara Falls on a truck tire inner tube"; though any number of people would say, "God strike me dead" quite casually before telling a lie that would make a used car salesman cluck his tongue reprovingly. You can see how real Niagara Falls was to me.

Then, a lot of things I believed in began to melt around me, like the Tooth Fairy, like the stork who brought babies, like the notion I held that policemen couldn't die, nor could grandfathers.

At sixteen I went to my father's office. "It's been a few years since I've had any surprises," I said man-to-man. "When I

was nine, I caught you drinking the tea and eating the cookies I put out for Santa Claus, and you confessed. I forgave you. I asked you if there was anything else I should know. 'No,' you said. A few years later, I hit thirteen and got sent home from school with a note for touching the girls. It was then you told me 'my body was changing.' Now what I want to know is, are there any more surprises?"

My father looked ill at ease, uncomfortable. So I assured him I hadn't come for money.

"Well," he said shifting his seat. "You, ah, I take it, um, know all about *sales tax*? I'd been meaning to have a talk with you...." The kind gentleman I now so highly regard flushed slightly. "Children seem to grow up so fast... these days."

At that age I was merciless.

"No," I said, and forced him to bare the details, purposely asking questions to do with the enabling statutes that I knew perfectly well from schoolyard chatter.

"And so," he said, hastily concluding a painful lecture, for to him, like many of his generation, business was something to be conducted behind closed doors, "these taxes go to provide revenues that assure the continuity of social services provided to the public as, er, determined by the legislature, and to pay for the cost of the damn government."

I leaned back as if enlightened, then sprang, cruel in my fear, "There's nothing else like puberty and Santa Claus? There really are such things as French-Canadians?" I inquired suspiciously, being a West Coast lad.

"Absolutely," said my father. "I have photographs... from the war," he added quickly so as not to be suspected of an unnatural interest in eastern Canada.

"Then there is nothing else you wish to tell me?" (That's the way I spoke then. My body must have still been changing.)

"There is one thing... something I've never told you. Not because I wanted to hide it, but I wanted to be sure you'd be strong enough to understand. I think maybe you are now. After all, you're sixteen. Take your feet off my desk.

"Can I assume you have heard of Niagara Falls?" I nodded, unsure of what was to come. "One of the wonders of the world? A torrent with a semimystical attraction for the newlywed?" Again I nodded. "Well, son, I'm going to let you down easy. They're fake."

I can't imagine how I looked. I suppose I blanched, quivered, let out a gasp. My hair began to sweat. I staggered to the window and threw it wide open in search of fresh air. My father, mistaking my impulse, caught hold of the cuff of my corduroys and pulled me back.

I tried to regain my composure, which was important to me at sixteen. I re-seated myself before the elder's desk and casually began drumming my head on the top of a filing cabinet.

I guess I was asking the usual questions everybody asks when they find out Niagara Falls are fake.

"Well, if there's no Niagara Falls, what is there? I mean, is anything true?"

"What's the point of getting married if there's no Niagara Falls, anyway?"

"Who's to say right or wrong if there's no Niagara Falls?"

I guess I went a little nuts after I found out the Falls were fake. I gathered that I was a little unbalanced when my father started bringing home a lot of "friends" I'd never seen before, who kept pulling out stained blotting paper and asking me to describe what I saw, and looking into my ears with flashlights, and having guarded conversations with my parents before leaving, never to return. These men were "head" doctors, I believe.

Not long after that, I set out for the Falls. I wanted to see for myself. As I rode the bus east from Vancouver, I checked off the real stuff on a map on my lap. Rocky mountains, check; Calgary, check; Great Lakes and Toronto, check. People came up to me a lot in bus stations. I just assumed they could borrow my coat and money and charge phone calls to my father's home number. I must have been awfully naive. It's all kind of foggy now.

I finally got to the Falls. I knew they were just over a little ridge. I could hear them roaring. The mist was rising hundreds of feet into the air. The sun cut in shafts through the mists that day, high cirrus clouds causing that effect. There was a little shop below the ridge, dealing popcorn, hot dogs, postcards, and commemorative trinkets. I bought a bag of popcorn before walking to the view. I wanted the first time to be special.

It was. Nothing before or since has had the same effect on me. The only thing that even came close was an allergic reaction to penicillin. I felt dizzy. I approached a railing with a half-dozen dime-a-view telescopes. The Falls were magnificent. Nevertheless, I wanted to get closer. I shoved a dime in the telescope, fumbling in my haste. A couple nearby laughed good-naturedly. Below, I heard the *Maid of the Mist* honking. Honking out to me. Was it a summons? Censure? Comradery? The world was slick with meaning then....

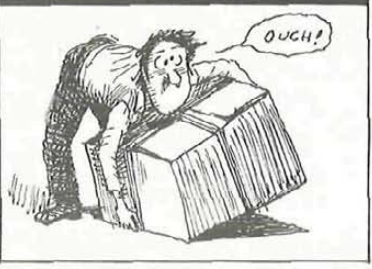
For the next four hours I made my way amongst the blissful couples. Alone amongst happily paired humanity, I smelled the inside of public rain gear as I

continued on page 94

NO LAUGHING MATTER

ONE MAN'S HERNIA OP- ERATION—A TRUE LIFE ADVENTURE

PROLOGUE



FEATURING STAN MACK AS THE PATIENT

THE DIAGNOSIS

NO QUESTION ABOUT IT— YOU HAVE A CUT AND DRIED CASE OF HERNIA. MY SON HAS THAT PROBLEM. HE INHERITED IT FROM MY WIFE'S FAMILY. NOBODY IN MY FAMILY EVER HAD A HERNIA.



I'VE GOT TO HAVE A HERNIA OPERATION.

NAW. JUST GET YOURSELF A BELT. HOLD IT IN. THAT'S WHAT MY UNCLE DID.

MY WINDOW WASHER HAD THAT PROBLEM, TOO. HE SAID YOU SHOULD GO TO CANADA TO GET IT DONE.



HELLO, NURSE. DOES THE DOCTOR KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE CANADIAN METHOD?

GO SEE MANNY AT THE PHARMACY ON MAIN STREET. TELL HIM AUDREY SENT YOU.



HELLO, MANNY. AUDREY SAID YOU HAD THE CANADIAN METHOD.

RIGHT! AND YOU'LL ENJOY IT, IN FACT. NOW, PAY ATTENTION...



...FLOWERS ON THE TABLE, PRETTY NURSES IN WHITE PANTS, STAINLESS STEEL SUTURES, SUPER FOOD. YOU WALK OFF THE OPERATING TABLE... CARY GRANT WAS THERE WHEN I WAS THERE. BUT REMEMBER, DON'T SIT AT THE JEWISH TABLE—THEY TELL JOKES AND YOU HAVE TO HOLD ONTO YOUR INCISION.

HELLO, MOM. I'M GOING FOR A HERNIA OPERATION

IT'LL JUST MAKE YOU... MATURE



IF YOU LOOK DOWN TO YOUR LEFT, YOU CAN SEE NIAGARA FALLS...

SHOULDICE HOSPITAL, TORONTO, CANADA

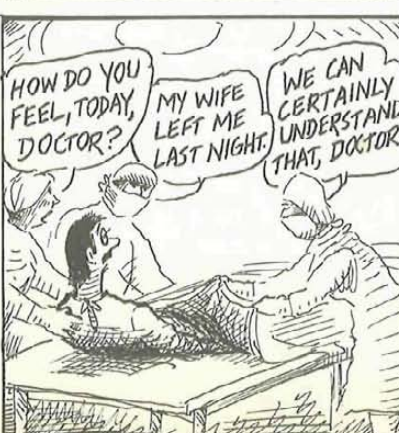
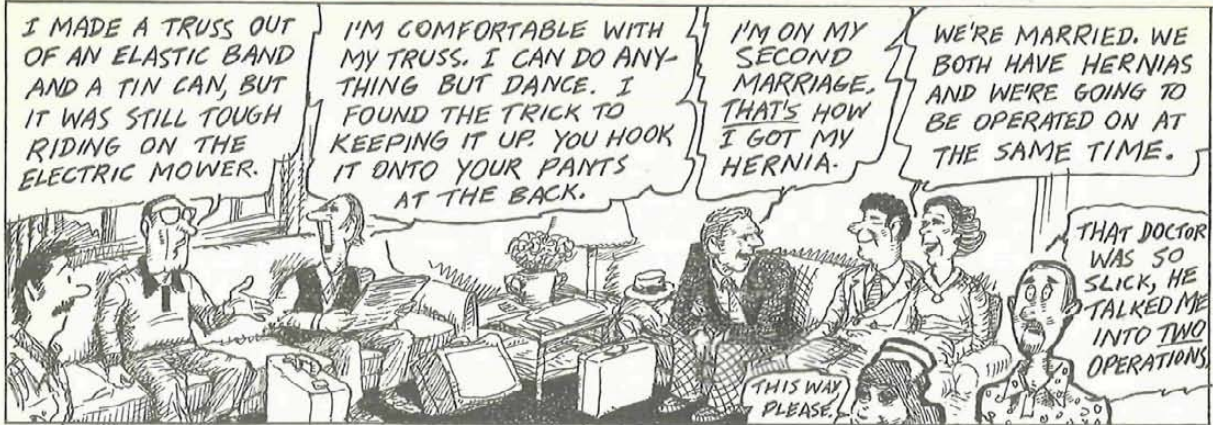
I CAME HERE BECAUSE THIS IS THEIR CUP OF TEA, Y'KNOW? NO GALL BLADDERS—NUTHIN' ELSE BUT HERNIAS. THEY SHOULD KNOW HOW TO DO THEM BY NOW, EH?



PLEASE HAVE A SEAT, SIR. THE DOCTOR WILL EXAMINE YOU IN A MINUTE.

I'VE HAD MY HERNIA SINCE 1914.





PLEASE DO NOT GET UP UNTIL THE DOCTOR CHECKS YOU...

HOW SOON CAN I HAVE SEX, DOC?

WHEN'S VISITING DAY?

WANT TO SEE MY CLAMPS?

I JUST LOOKED AT MY SCAR. IT'S UGLY!

I WAS ON THE TABLE 44 MINUTES. 3" SCAR, MEDIUM-SIZED HERNIA.

THE DOCTOR CALLED MINE A BIKINI CUT.

THIS SITTING DOWN IS NO GOOD AT ALL. I FEEL LIKE TIM CONWAY.

I'M NOT SITTING DOWN. WE JUST HAVE TO GET UP AGAIN IN 20 MINUTES.

THE RECOVERY

LET'S GO, BOYS. GOOD MORNING. COFFEE IN THE DINING ROOM. I WANT YOU TO EXERCISE...

THERE'S A LOT OF DEDICATION AMONG THE NURSES... OUCH! OUCH! OUCH! OUCH!

I WAS HALF ASLEEP WHEN THE NURSE BROUGHT IN THE SPECIMAN JAR. I COULDN'T FILL IT UP. I STOOD THERE PEEING - NOT REALIZING IT WAS UPSIDE-DOWN...

THIRD LEVEL DINING ROOM

HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT THE GREASE-LESS PIG?

I'M LEAVING. I CAN'T AFFORD TO LAUGH RIGHT NOW.

YOU SEE EVERYTHING HERE. MISTRESSES AND WIVES COLLIDING IN THE CORRIDORS - ONE LEAVING, THE OTHER GOING IN.

JOE MARSH, ROOM 218, TOUCHED HIS TOES TODAY.

YOU TAKE A 23-YEAR-OLD STUD AND MATCH HIM WITH A THREE-YEAR-OLD MARE - SHE NEVER SAYS, "NO!" IT'S THE SAME WITH PEOPLE - THE BEST THING FOR AN OLD MAN IS A YOUNG GIRL.

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, LINE UP FOR PAIN PILLS, JUICE, AND A LUBE JOB.

SO HE SAID, "THE 2ND PAIN WAS WHEN I GOT TO THE END OF THE CHAIN."

THIS IS NOT A LAUGHING BUSINESS.

I SAW THREE RUBBERS DOWN NEAR THE LAKE, BUT I THINK THE STAFF PLANTED THEM...

THE END

I HEARD A FLUSH. WHO FLUSHED?

I DID. FINALLY!

TO WHAT DO YOU OWE YOUR SUCCESS?

MINERAL OIL.

WE GO HOME TODAY! THE FINAL INSPECTION IS A THOROUGH ONE. THEY MAKE US COUGH.

I HAVE TO GET HOME TO TAKE THE TOP OFF THE KETCHUP BOTTLE... IF I CAN...

SO LONG... HAVE A GOOD OPERATION. AND DON'T FORGET THE JOKES ABOUT THE IRISHMAN AND THE MIDGET, THE JEW AND THE POLE, AND THE TWO GUYS WITH THE CAMEL.

GOOD-BYE, GOOD LUCK. WRITE AND TELL ME ABOUT YOUR HERNIA.

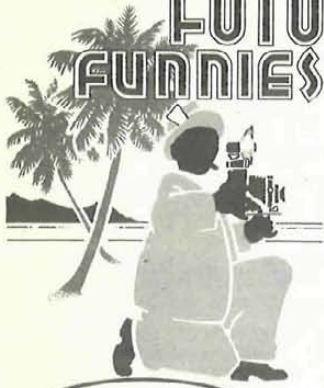
FIRST I GO HOME AND SEE IF MY SICK PAY IS ROLLING IN, THEN I'M GOING FISHING.

HOSPITAL ENTRANCE OFFICE

AIRPORT LIMO

© Stan Mack 6-'79

FOTO FUNNIES



I'M AN INVISIBLE BEAUTIFUL GIRL!



I INVENTED THIS POTION THAT MAKES ME INVISIBLE. I JUST POUR IT ALL OVER MY BEAUTIFUL BODY, AND I DISAPPEAR!

THEN I CAN DANCE AROUND ANYWHERE I WANT, PRACTICALLY NUDE, IN THE SHEEREST, FRILLIEST LINGERIE EVER, AND *NOBODY* CAN SEE ME!

♪ LA LA LA LA LA LA ♪

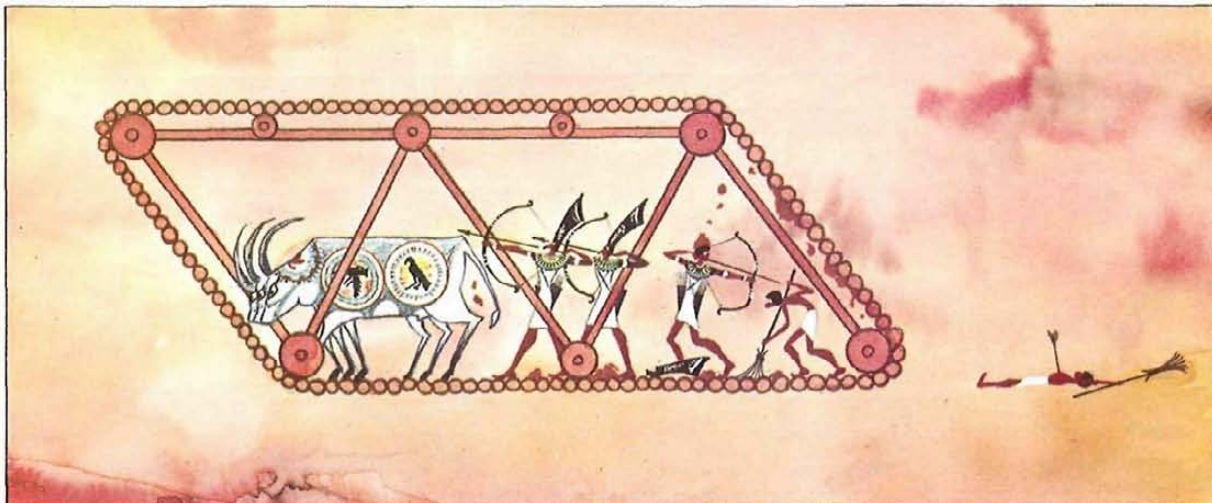
OH-OH!
IT'S WEARING OFF!

O.K., O.K., SO I'M NOT A BEAUTIFUL GIRL. BUT I WAS INVISIBLE....

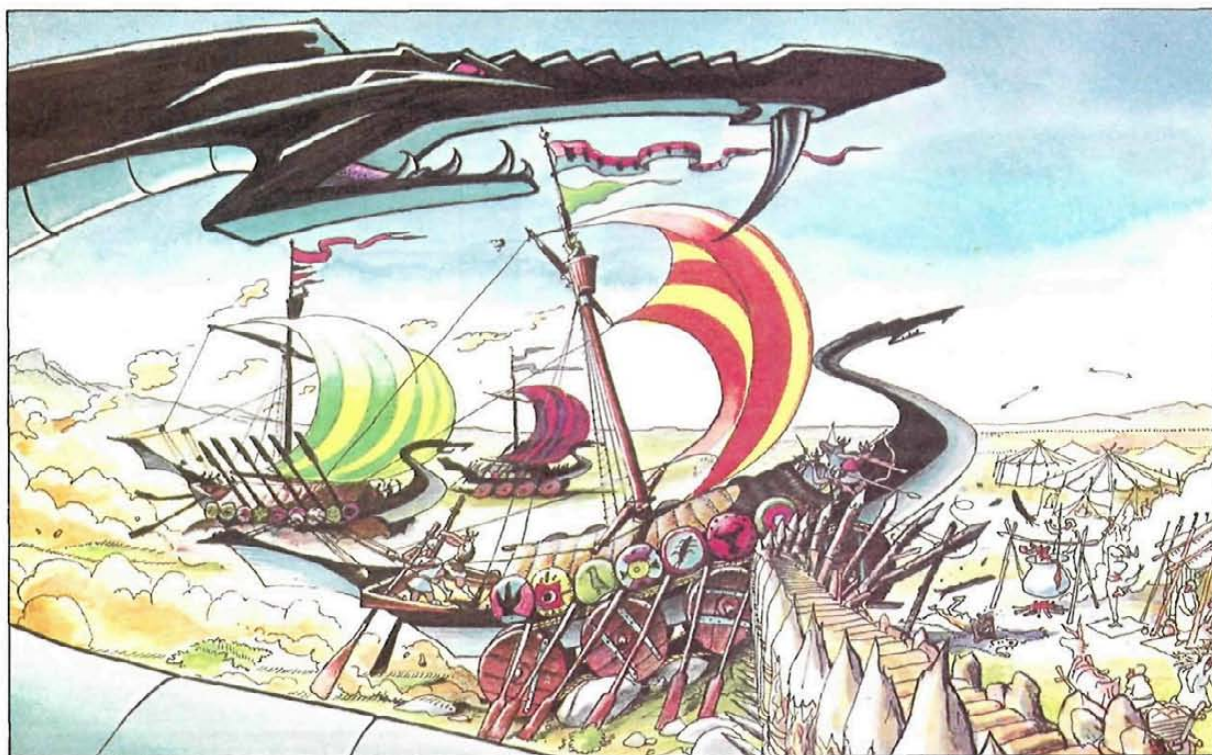
THAT OUGHT TO COUNT FOR *SOMETHING*.

THE HISTORY OF TANKS

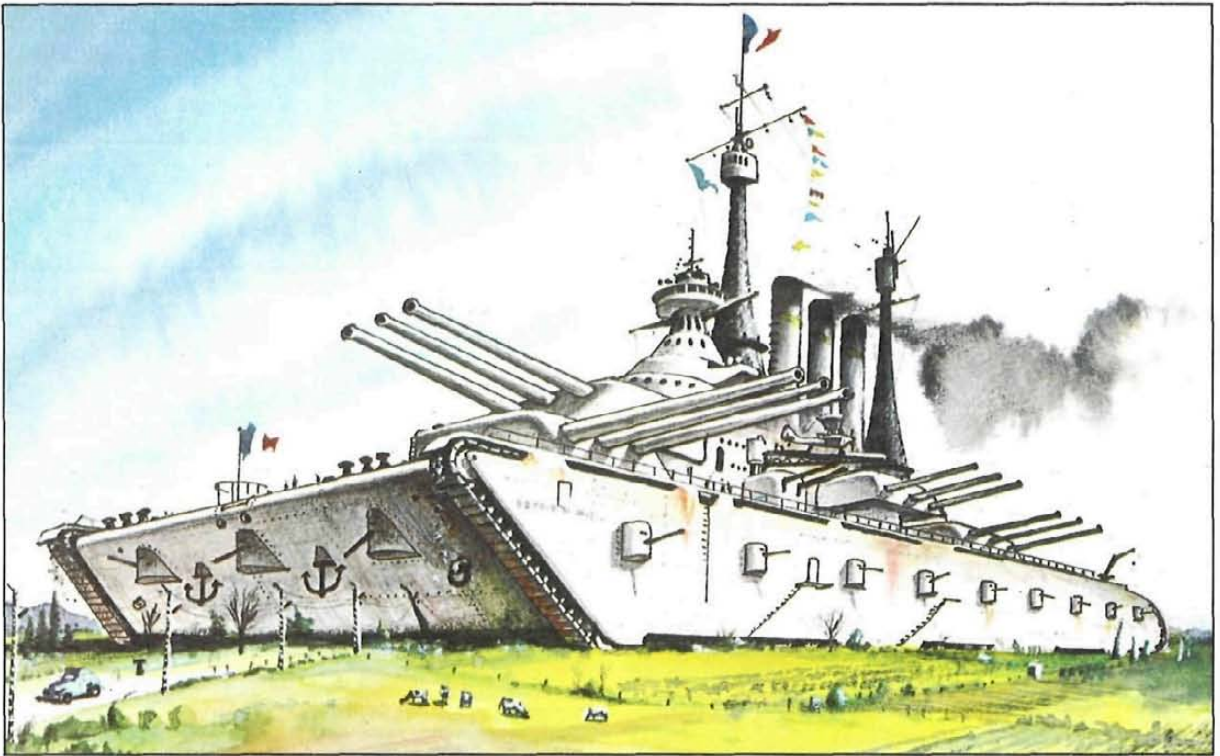
Written and illustrated by Stan Mott



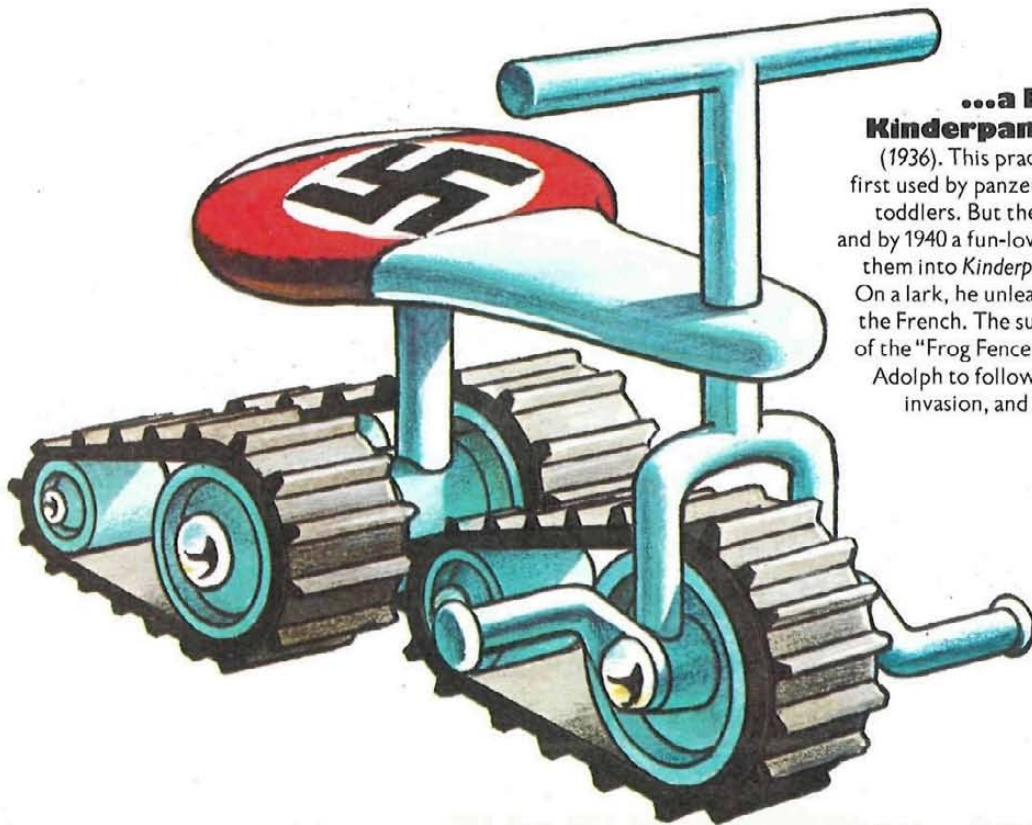
The First Recorded Fighting Tank (circa 1400 B.C.). This battle machine shown on an early Egyptian wall fresco was used by Amhose, Lord of Thebes of the XVIII dynasty to defeat Nykoses and reunite Egypt. Treads were logs lashed together with papyrus reeds. Power was oxen; armament, shields; fire power, bows and arrows. The exhaust system was apparently faulty.



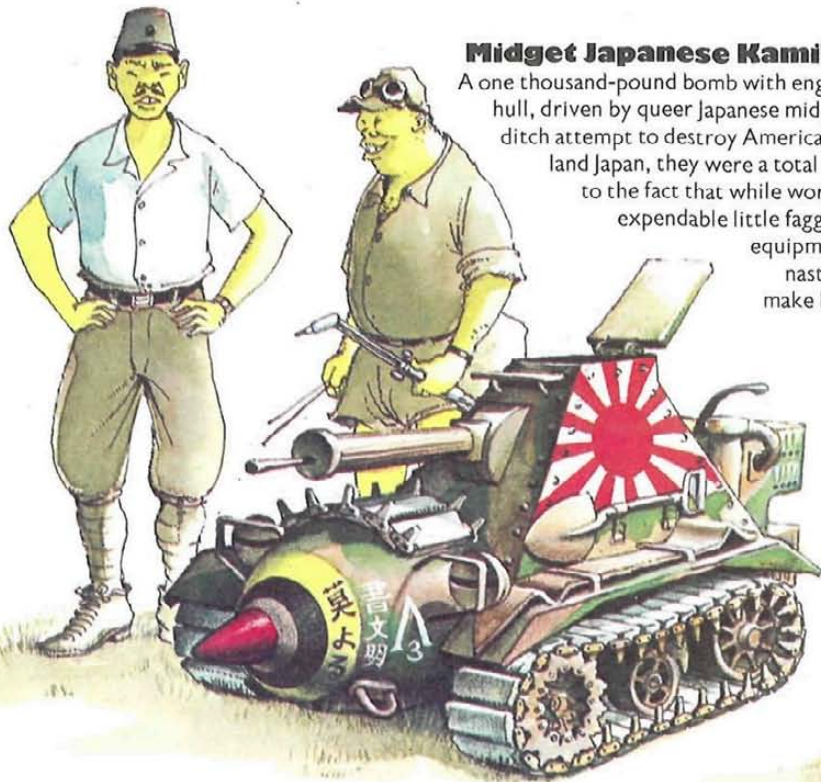
The Viking Long Tank (circa 1050 A.D.) was actually a variation of the famed Long Ship, with the addition of eight gigantic wooden wheels and heavy rope treads. It helped Vikings to traverse land and meet people; for as good as they were at sailing, rowing, raping, and pillaging, they hated to walk and were also rotten conversationalists. Here we see a fleet entering a Polish village, with sails flying, oars clawing, and warriors screaming, "Vell, vell, vell, here ve are...ya...um..."



L'Esprit de Maginot (1927). This 470,000-ton French behemoth, designed by the famed general Jean Bapstiste Estienne, patrolled the full length of the Maginot Line. With its twelve sixteen-inch guns, thirty-two eight-inch guns, three hundred machine gun nests, and 1,500-man crew, it could arrive, by racing at top speed of 1.2 mph, at any point along the line within a month and thereby support the French army in repelling a Wehrmacht invasion. Considered virtually indestructible, it was destroyed by a Nazi tot riding...

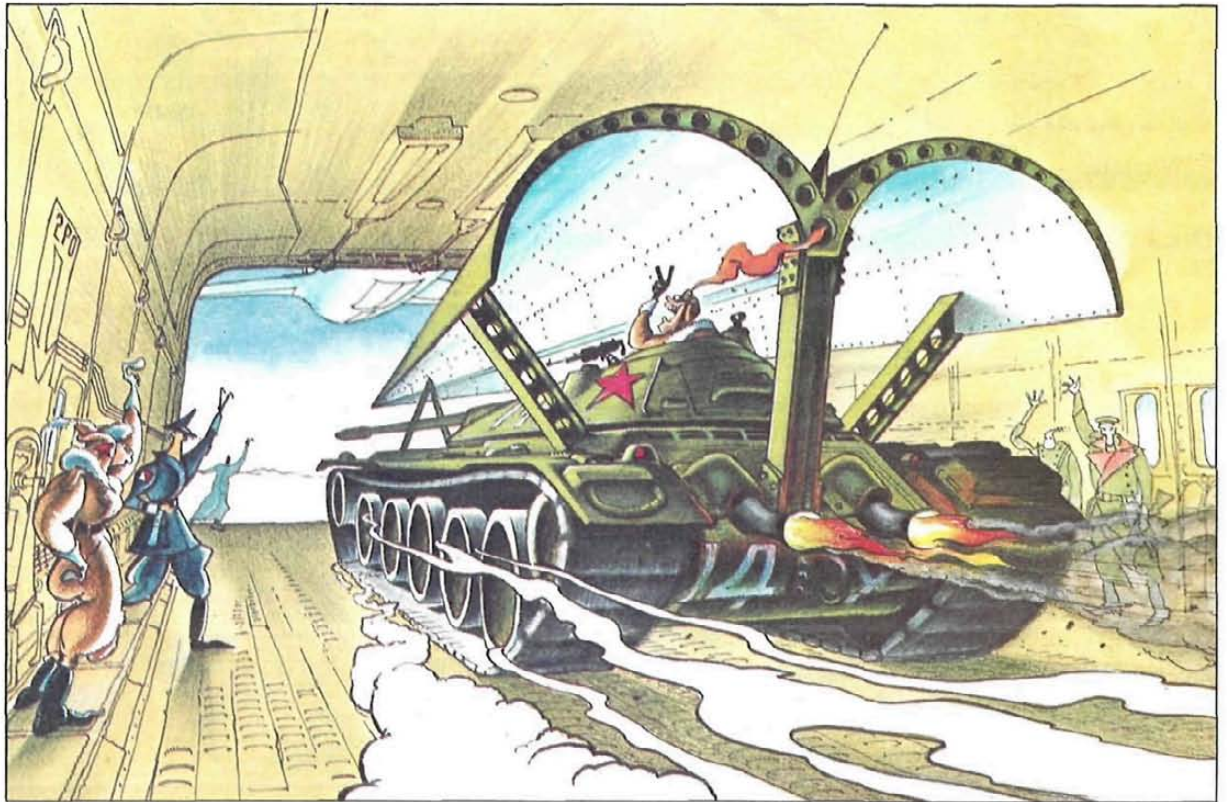


...a Bubirad als Kinderpanzertrainer (1936). This practical little toy was first used by panzer divisions to train toddlers. But the kids learned fast, and by 1940 a fun-loving Hitler formed them into *Kinderpanzer-Blitzdivision*. On a lark, he unleashed them against the French. The subsequent collapse of the "Frog Fence" forced a sobered Adolph to follow through with the invasion, and the rest is history.



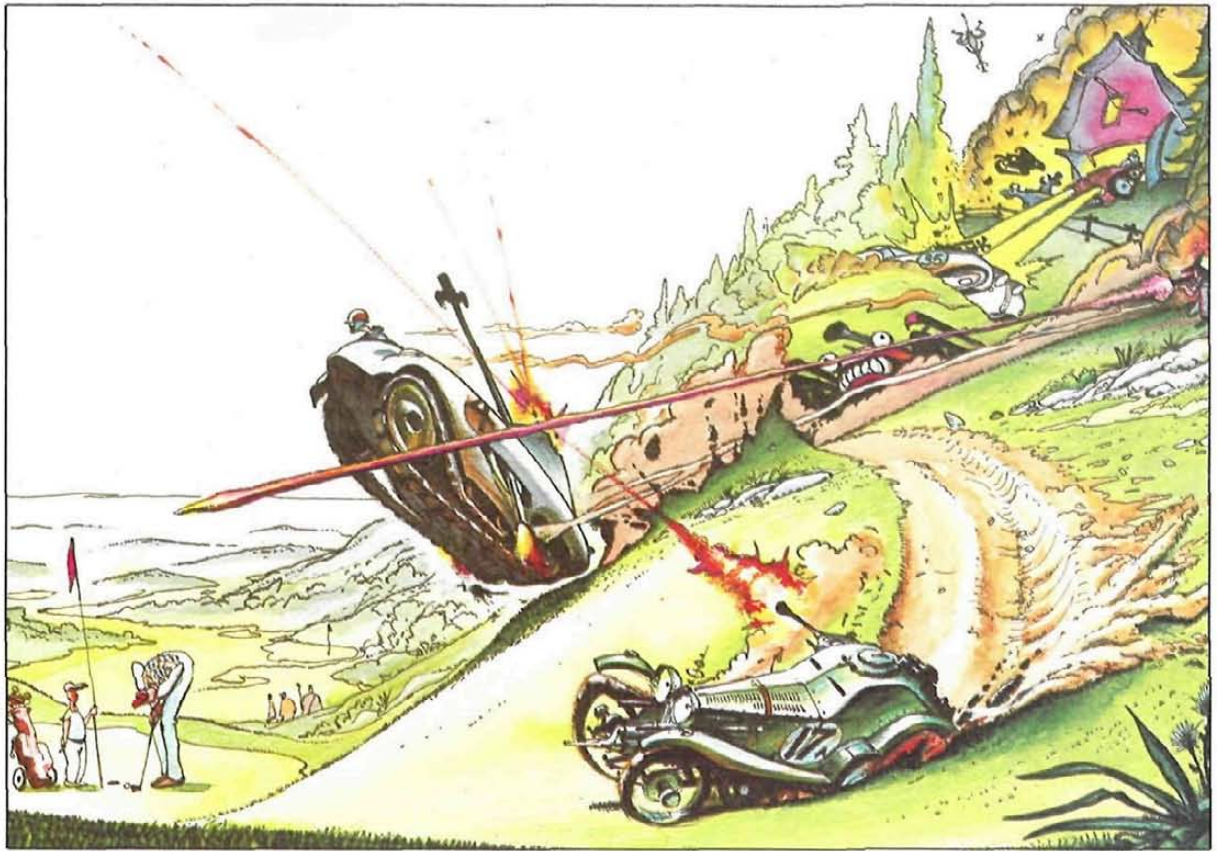
Midget Japanese Kamikaze Tank (1945).

A one thousand-pound bomb with engine, bogies, treads, and hull, driven by queer Japanese midgets. Designed as a last-ditch attempt to destroy American forces invading mainland Japan, they were a total failure. This was due to the fact that while workers were securing the expendable little faggots inside with welding equipment, the machines had a nasty tendency to suddenly make big holes in the ground.



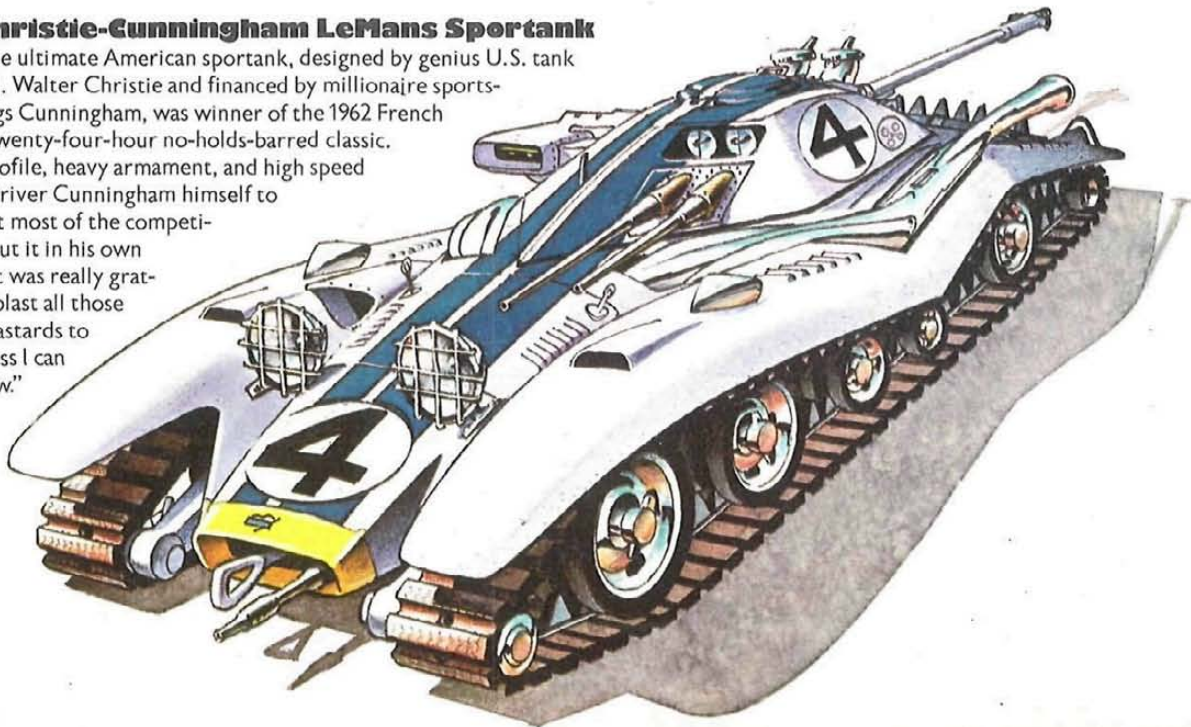
Russian T-34 Glider Tank (1953). An experimental tank that could be driven by dissident tank drivers out the rear of an extremely high-flying cargo plane, dive straight down, and pull out at the last second to land safely. The design was an unfortunate failure for the drivers, but the two hundred-foot holes made by the T-34s turned out to be perfect for installing underground intercontinental missile silos.

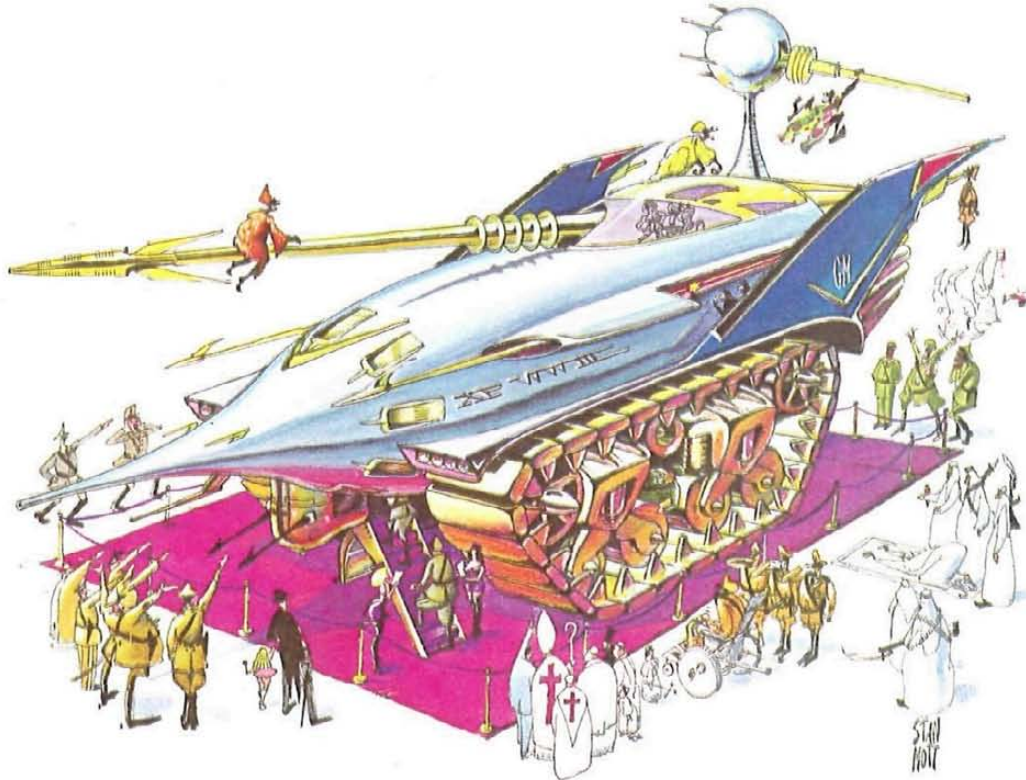
Those Great Sportanks of the 1950s! Many young people simply don't realize how much *fun* it was in the good old days to race a Porsche, MG, or Jaguar sportank across country! Why, you could fire your guns at any of your competitors or anyone who got in the way, and smash through farms and forests and have one hell of a good time! Here we see the early Watkins Glen Point-A to Point-B club race that really got the movement going. Although many readers are too young to remember, by 1962 we had plowed under more than 5 percent of the nation's golf courses. Then suddenly, the "Blue Noses" rammed through their namby-pamby safety regulations, forcing the sportank manufacturers to produce "cars" and "trucks" and things like that. Sickening.



The Christie-Cunningham LeMans Sportank

(1962). The ultimate American sportank, designed by genius U.S. tank designer J. Walter Christie and financed by millionaire sportsman Briggs Cunningham, was winner of the 1962 French LeMans twenty-four-hour no-holds-barred classic. Its low profile, heavy armament, and high speed allowed driver Cunningham himself to knock out most of the competition. To put it in his own words: "It was really gratifying to blast all those foreign bastards to hell. I guess I can retire now."





General Motors Dream Tank XP-WVIII (1966). "The Tank of Tomorrow!"—a sixties dream weapon—was eighty-six feet in length and equipped with various kinds of advanced death ray guns, nuclear rockets, and nerve gas spray devices, solid-state flesh-seeking guidance systems, space-age on-board interrogation chamber, atomic engines, Kan-D-Flake heavenly-blue metallic paint job, 14K gold running gear, and accessories designed to appeal to the hyper-wealthy international military dictatorship set. Here we see a select group at a private showing at the GM proving grounds. Only two were ever built, both for the Shah of Iran.



The Checker Taxi Tank (1974–). An incredibly successful experimental design constructed out of running gear of a Sherman M4A3 and the body of an ordinary taxicab. It has been in use in New York City for over five years, and has posted record times getting across town in rush hours. Most New Yorkers don't seem to mind the mess it leaves in its wake, although there have been a few scattered protests by environmentalist groups about the M4A3's lack of catalytic converters. □



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VACATION '58

by John Hughes

If Dad hadn't shot Walt Disney in the leg, it would have been our best vacation ever. We were going to Disneyland. It was a dream come true. The rides! The thrills! The Mouseketeers! I was so excited that I spent the whole month of May feeling like I had to go to the bathroom. When school finally let out on a Tuesday, I sprinted home as fast as I could, even though we weren't leaving until Friday.

Dad picked up our brand-new 1958 Plymouth Sport Suburban Six station wagon on Thursday morning. The speedometer had only six and three-tenths miles on it. Dad said that it would be a pleasure to travel for six days in a car that smelled as good as our new Plymouth. It was nice to see Dad excited about our trip. For months Mom had to act moody and beg to get him to drive out to California. "What good will it do the kids to see their country from an airplane seat?" she wanted to know. Finally, Dad gave in and said we would get a station wagon and drive the 2,448 miles from 74 Rivard Boulevard, Grosse Pointe, Michigan, to 1313 Harbor Boulevard, Anaheim, California.

It took almost all day Friday to pack the car. Dad loaded and unloaded it again and again to save a square foot here, a square inch there. Then he simulated the car and hung litter bags in the front and back seats, attached a compass to the dashboard, and put a first aid kit in the glove compartment. Then he called everyone outside to take one item apiece out of the car so he could close the back.

After dinner, Dad ran the Plymouth up to Richie's Marathon Service to gas up and have Richie check under the hood and see if everything was A-O.K. When Dad backed out of the driveway the car scraped bottom. Not a little scrape but a *scceccrrrrraaaaaape!*

Dad got back at 8:00. We heard the *scceccrrrrraaaaaape!* and knew it was him. Richie had said that everything was beautiful under the hood. The car was gassed up, there was plenty of oil, the tire pressure was perfect, the AAA maps

were organized in the glove compartment, and the speedometer read exactly 20.00 miles.

"Okay, all you Indians! Time for bed!" Mom said.

"But it's only 8:30!" I protested.

"We have to get up at 4:00 in the morning! I want to make Chicago by lunch!" Dad said, shooing us upstairs.

The telephone rang at 9:45 the next morning. It was Grandpa Pete calling to see why we hadn't gone yet. We had all overslept—even the baby. Dad was furious. I could hear him screaming and pounding his fists on the bathroom sink.

"We're five hours behind schedule!" he yelled. "And we haven't even left the goddamn house!"

"I wasn't the one who sat up all night rearranging the suitcases!" Mom yelled back.

Everyone hurried downstairs, dressed and ready to go.

"We don't need breakfast, Mom," I said.

"I'm still full from last night," Patty said, grinning in a way that she hoped would calm Dad. He was even angrier after he had tried to shave real fast.

Mom insisted that we all sit down and have a good breakfast, and Dad argued that no one ever died from skipping one breakfast. We gobbled down our pancakes and bacon, and chugged our juice. Dad sat outside in the car revving the engine. By the time we were ready to leave, the car had stopped, and Dad couldn't get it going again.

"Goddamn Plymouth Motors! I should have gone with a Ford—they know how to make an ignition! These damn Plymouths!"

"Just calm down, Clark!" Mom snarled. "You're making the whole neighborhood smell of gasoline!"

After we sat for five minutes quietly listening to Dad breathe in and out of his nose, the car started and we backed out of the driveway. Mr. McMillan came running up to the car.

"Hey! You folks left your sprinkler on!"

Not only did we leave the sprinkler on,

but when we got to the Edsel Ford Expressway, Mom said she thought she left the oven on, and we had to turn around and go all the way back home only to find that she hadn't left it on. While Mom was inside the house checking the oven, the phone rang. It was my Aunt Catherine calling to say that Great Aunt Edythe needed a ride to her son's house in Tucson, Arizona, and would we mind taking her since we were going in that general direction anyway.

It looked like we were finally on our way when Mom said that it was almost lunchtime and we could save some money by having lunch at home.

She had thrown out all the milk so that it wouldn't sour and smell up the refrigerator, so Dad had to go up to Kroger's and get a fresh quart. That took almost an hour because Dad locked the keys in the car by accident and had to wreck the vent window to get in.

Dad was so exhausted from being mad all morning that when he got home he said we would leave the next day.

"But I told Catherine that we would be there on Sunday, and if we lose today and tonight we won't make it," Mom said.

"Call her back and tell her we'll see her on Monday instead."

"Well," Mom said cautiously, "Auntie Edythe wants to be in Tucson by Wednesday."

"What?"

"I told Catherine that we would drive Auntie Edythe to Normie's in Tucson. It's on our way, and she's such a sweet thing"

Dad didn't say a word until we reached Battle Creek and then all he said was, "Shut up back there!" He made up a rule about no eating in the car, and he wouldn't let us listen to the radio or roll down the windows. All through Michigan he went over the speed limit, except when we went under bridges and past clumps of trees where a State Police car might be hiding. I wanted desperately to belt Patty for not sharing the JuJubees she was sneaking. She had brought along a whole bunch of stuff she'd bought with

continued

VACATION '58

continued

baby-sitting money, and she wouldn't share any of it with me. There was absolutely nothing to do but stare out the window at the moonlit fields of corn.

Mom pleaded with Dad to stop at a motel when we got to Springfield, Illinois. Several times he crossed completely over the median lines and drove in the opposite lane. Once, while going through a little town, Dad drove up on the sidewalk and ran over a bike and some toys. Mom accused him of being asleep at the wheel, but he said he was just unfamiliar with Illinois traffic signs.

He took off his shoes, rolled down the window, turned the radio way up, and made us all sing the Michigan State fight song. But after a few minutes we were all sound asleep, our new station wagon racing down U.S. 55 like a bedroom on wheels. I don't know how far we traveled like that. Fortunately, there wasn't much traffic at that hour so we didn't hit anything. We finally woke up when Missy asked Dad to get her a drink of water and Dad said, "Go ask Mommy, Daddy's sleeping." I heard that and so did Mom, and she screamed and Dad slammed on the brakes, and the luggage tumbled forward onto the back seat and Dad's golf clubs scattered all over the highway.

We slept beside the road for the rest of the night. When we woke we all felt miserable. Our teeth were coated with night slime, our necks were stiff, and we all had to go to the bathroom. We hadn't eaten dinner, so we were all hungry. Dad was even crabrier because he hadn't had any coffee yet.

After we washed our faces and brushed our teeth at a gas station and ate breakfast, we felt a little better. Even Dad managed a smile, and when we pulled back out on the highway, he suggested a game of Auto Bingo.

We rolled into Aunt Catherine's driveway about 10:00 P.M. She lived in Wichita, Kansas, in a farmhouse that was not on a farm but in town. She and Uncle Stan had two kids: Dale, who was my age, and Vicki, who was a year younger than Patty. I hated the two of them like I hated the flu. I was glad we were only staying the night.

I had to sleep in Dale's room on a bed that was lumpy and smelled funny. Patty and Vicki slept together and got along fine, but I think it was just because Patty was trying to act big in front of Vicki, who was a hick. The baby and Missy slept with Mom and Dad in Aunt Catherine's room. Uncle Stan was a baby about having to sleep on the couch in

the family room. "I work tomorrow, you know," he said.

I didn't remember Aunt Edythe because the last time I had seen her I was practically a baby. I tried to be polite and not register my horror when I saw her. She looked like the Mummy with a wig on. She smelled like a combination of mothballs and vitamin pills. I couldn't believe that I had to ride next to her.

"Put her by the window," Dad whispered to Mom as Uncle Stan helped Aunt Edythe into the car. "I don't want her to upchuck on the seats."

"She can't sit by the window!" Mom snapped. "She might fall out."

We were ready to go when Dale came around the side of the house with a beagle on a leash.

"Here he is, Uncle Clark," he said. "All walked and everything!"

"Who is he?" Dad asked.

"Auntie Edythe's dog. His name is Dinkie," Dale said. "He's neuro. He watches 'Ed Sullivan.'"

We had to rearrange the seating so that the dog would be way in the back. Mom didn't want him near the baby. She was afraid the dog might bite his face or lick his breath away. So we ended up with the baby in the front, the dog in the back, Patty next to the window, Missy beside her, then Aunt Edythe, and then me by the other window. Aunt Edythe was pressed right up against me so tight I could feel her nose breath on my arm.

At Mullinville we jogged northwest about twenty miles across the Arkansas River, which wasn't as much a river as a gash filled with water the color of beef broth. I tried to spit in it as we crossed, but succeeded only in "frogging" my cheek.

"You don't want to take Highway 50," Aunt Edythe said to Dad. "You want to stay on U.S. 54?"

"We're going to Dodge City," Dad shouted so that Aunt Edythe could hear.

"Why in heavens would you want to go to that filthy, dirty tourist trap?"

Unfortunately, Aunt Edythe was right about Dodge City. It wasn't the authentic frontier town I had dreamed it would be. It was sort of like St. Claire Shores, Michigan, only dustier and minus a lake.



There were used car lots named after Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday and trailer homes right in town. The Long Branch Saloon smelled like popcorn and toilet ice. Dad refused to pay seventy-five cents for a beer so we left.

"If you really want to see something," Aunt Edythe said in an "I-told-you-so" voice, "you get back on U.S. 54 like I told you before and go down to Liberal and see the House of Mud. It's entirely made out of mud and it's really something to see!"

There was no House of Mud. At one time, a gas station attendant told us, there was a House of Mud, but just after World War I it caved in, killing the curator and his family.

"If you want to see something special," he said, "go back to Mullinville and take Highway 50 up to Dodge City."

At first glance, Oklahoma looked the same as Kansas. At second and third glance, it also looked like Kansas. Even after Dad pointed out that the portion of Oklahoma that we were traveling through was one of the nation's top producers of fossils and dinosaur bones, it still looked like Kansas. As a matter of fact, it looked like Kansas deep into Texas, where we stopped for the night.

The Ranger Inn was like my friend Earl Denkinger's attic bedroom in his stepfather's house. It had a rug made out of rags, cowboy beds, a horseshoe on the door, a bathtub with feet, a chipped mirror, and only half a roll of toilet paper. The rooms were so small that Dad had to get three. Aunt Edythe and her dog had one room; Mom, Dad, and Mark had another; and Missy, Patty, and I had the other. Although it was sort of scary being alone in a strange room, it gave me an opportunity to bash Patty for being so stingy with her Milk Duds.

Everyone except Aunt Edythe was real cheerful when we got in the car the next day. Her arthritis was flaring up and she claimed that it would kill her before we got to Tucson.

"Beans, baloney, and horseflies!" Dad said under his breath to Mom. "No one ever died from stiff fingers."

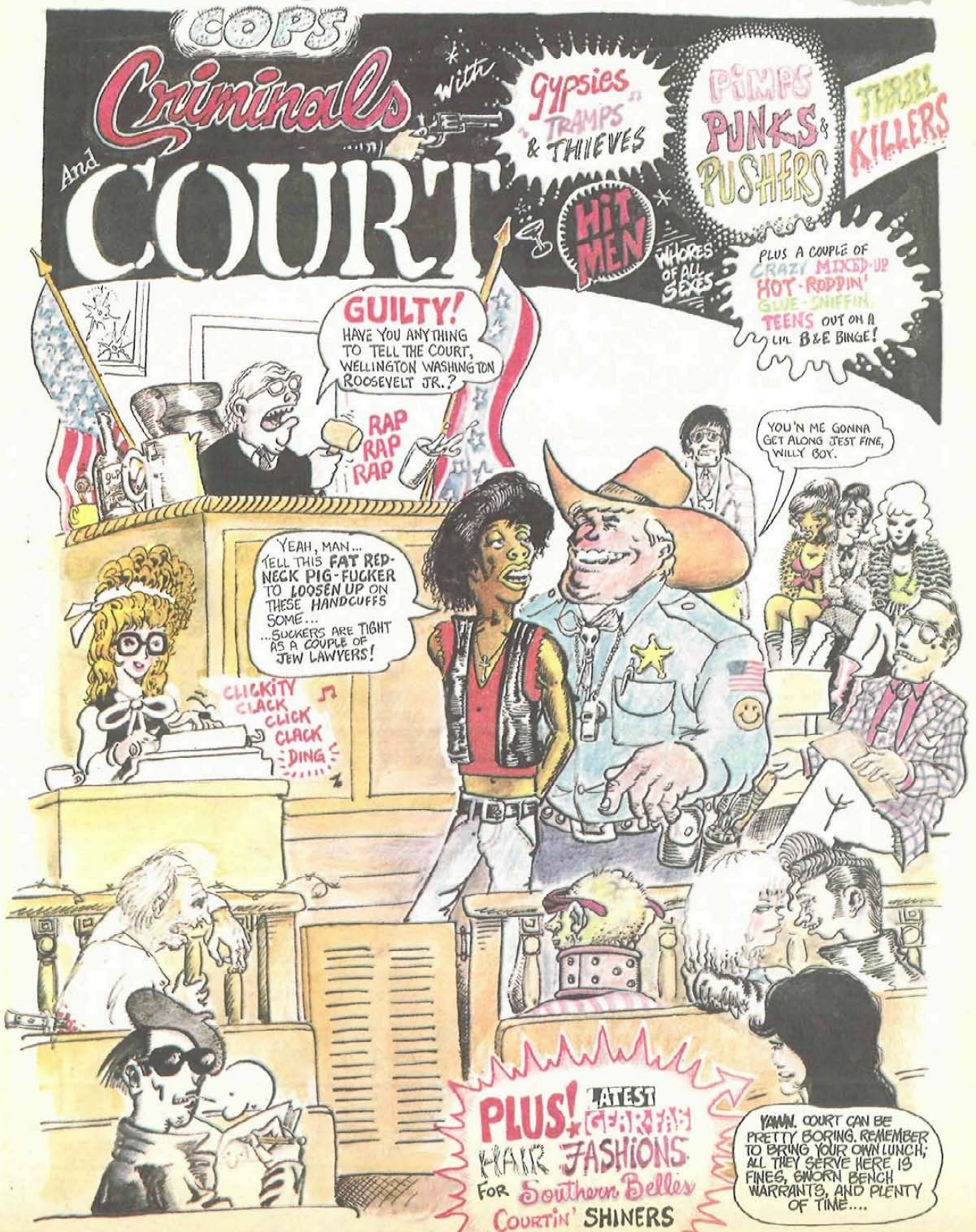
"Don't be so sure, Mr. Know-It-All," Aunt Edythe barked. She swatted Dad with her *Reader's Digest*.

Dad's face turned as red as the flashing Highway Patrol lights behind us. That's the way it is with old people; claiming they are hard of hearing, they make you shout, but as soon as you say something about them, they can hear 100 percent. Later on Dad told me that Aunt Edythe could hear an ant fart, but set an H-Bomb off in her drawers and she wouldn't hear a thing.

continued on page 58

Notice: Your appearance in court is extremely important! (Failure to appear may mean additional fines, imprisonment, or worse.)

Everybody appears in court pretty much the way they'd go to a come-as-you-are party (it's tough getting into your Sunday best wearin' handcuffs). For the defense: leather, Levis, and chains; fake fun furs of real synthetic leopard, fox, and zebra; and shiny metallic glitter. Foot-stompin' go-go boots make it happen; and tell the judge in no uncertain terms which side of town you're from. Killers wear black (naturally, just like Johnny Cash). A whiplash collar for the prosecution, and sporty plaid jackets for the D.A. and plainclothesman.



CHEAP Criminal types

LISTEN, EVERYBODY'S ALWAYS **COMPLAINING** ABOUT DUH POPULATION PROBLEM, Y'KNOW? TALK IS CHEAP!... I'M ACTUALLY DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

YOU AIN'T GOTTA HOLLER, I'LL GIVE YA YER DOLLAR!

FIVE'LL GETCHA TEN, TEN'LL GETCHA TWENTY... I'LL PLAY WIT' ANY MAN BUT A **BLIND MAN**, A **PO' MAN**, OR A **PO-LEECE MAN!**

HEY, LIKE REALLY WOW, MAN! LIKE, I DUNNO NOTHIN', 'BOUT NOTHIN', MAN! MUST'A REALLY BEEN, LIKE, **DUSTED!** REALLY, I MEAN, LIKE REALLY GONE...



The **CON MAN**
NO **SHILLS**



The **HIT MAN**
CHEAP KILLS



The **PUSHER MAN**
JACKED-UP ON **PILLS**

JOINTS 'N' BAGS

SMOKE, BABY, SMOKE!

TUIES 'N' 'LUDES

HOW MANY YOU WANT?



The **B & E ARTIST**
CHEAP THRILLS

A PROFILE SKETCH of the "COMMON" CRIMINAL



WELL! IT WAS 'ROUND MID-NITE 'N' ME 'N' MY EX-SISTER-IN-LAW WERE SETTIN' 'ROUND MY TRAILER KITCHEN-ETTE, SIPPIN' DR. PEPPERS 'N' FLIPPIN' 455 WHEN WHO SHOULD STUMBLE IN BUT THELMA'S 4TH HUSBY, ONE-EYED JACK.

THERE WAS EVIL IN HIS EYE, WHISKEY ON HIS BREATH, AND AN ICE PICK IN HIS HAND



THE **KEY WITNESS**
UNPAID BILLS

PICKPOCKETS • PORN PUSHERS • RUM RUNNERS • JAY WALKERS • JAIL BAIT JEZEBELS • HOMICIDE HOSTESSES • FENCES • FRAUDS • THE TOWN PRINK & THE VILLAGE IDIOT.

Favorite Crimes
of the **SOUTH**
#1 **ASSAULT** ON A **FEMALE**
TOP OF THE CHAIRS WITH A BULLET!
PUNISHABLE BY
UP TO **FOUR HOURS** In Court
LISTENIN' TO **TRUE CASES** LIKE THE FOLLOWING I WITNESSED WHILE WAITING ON A DWI CHARGE.



AFTER HE RAN OUT O' BULLETS HE **PISTOL-WHIPPED** ME SO BAD IT GIMME A **BLACK EYE**, WHICH HAS CAUSED ME TO WEAR **BANGS FO'** WHICH I HAD TO BUY DIS SPECIAL **EYE SPY WIG HAT** AT THE **DAIT BAIT SHOP** SO I COULD GO TO WORK.



YOU SEE, YOUR HONOR, MY CLIENT IS INVOLVED IN **COMMUNITY SOCIAL AFFAIRS** WHERE **APPEARANCE** IS OF **VITAL IMPORTANCE** AND UH **BLAB BLAB BLAB...**

NO SOH, UNH UH... AH DUNNO HOW NO **COLT PYTHON 357 MAGNUM** WITH THE **VENTILATED RIB** OVER ITS **SLICK 6-INCH BARREL** GOT IN MY HAND. **ACCIDENTALLY GOIN' OFF FIVE TIMES** BEFORE FINALLY, AH MEAN MOST UNFORTUNATELY **WINGIN' THAT CHEAP SLUT'S TAILBONE...** AH SHO AIN'T NEVER EVER SEEN NO GUN LIKE IT BEFORE, UNH UH.

I WAS HOME WATCHIN' **DONNIE 'N' MARIE** ON THE TV, YOU CAN **AX MA' MAMA** IF THAT AIN'T A **FACT.**

* DRINKIN' WHILE INTOXICATED

GOPS...

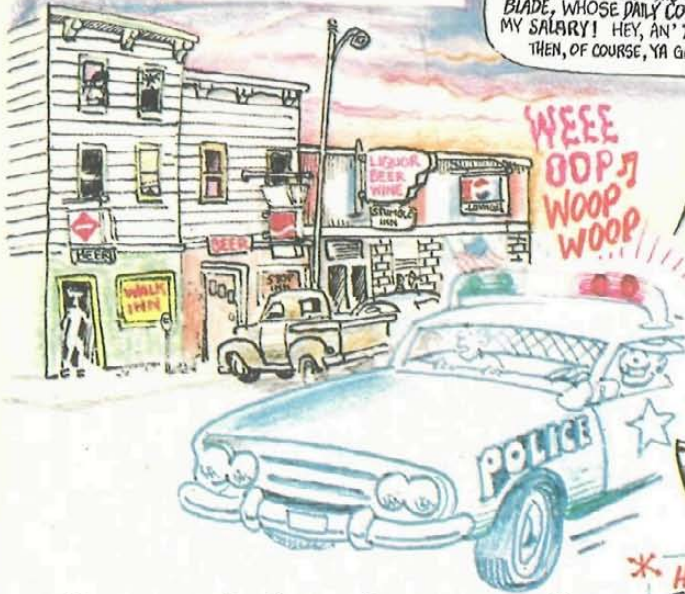
BASICALLY, THERE ARE TWO TYPES OF COPS: **GOOD COPS** & **BAD COPS**.

GOOD COPS ARE PRETTY MUCH REGULAR GUYS WHO GET TO DRIVE JUST AS FAST AS THEY WANT THROUGH THE **BAD** PART OF TOWN, SIRENS BLASTING.

YEAH, SON... WHEN YA RIDE WITH THE D.P.D. YOU'VE SEEN IT ALL: FROM DRAG QUEENS WITH SILICONE TITTIES 'N' NAILS SHARP AS RAZORS TO THE PIMP STANDIN' ON THE CORNER PICKIN' HIS GOLD TEETH WITH A SWITCH-BLADE, WHOSE DAILY COKE HABIT COST HIM A WEEK'S MY SALARY! HEY, AN' THESE ARE YER NICE GUYS! THEN, OF COURSE, YA GOT YER REAL SCUM...

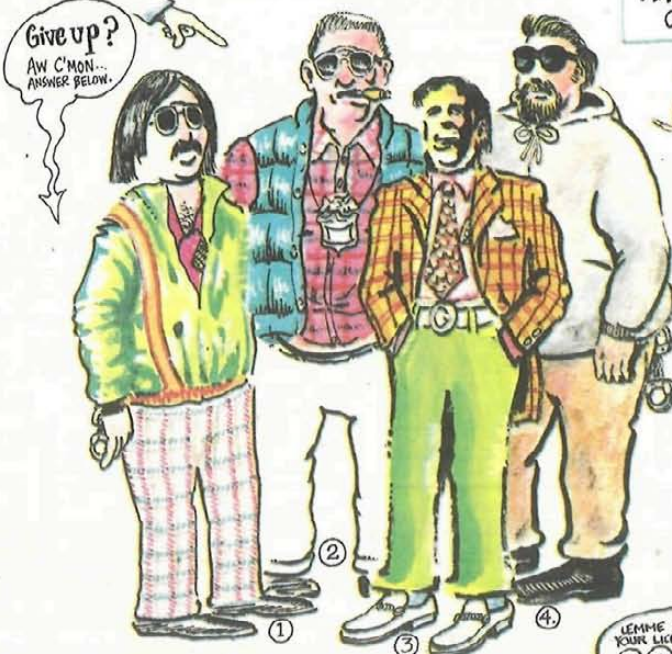
BAD COPS JOINED THE FORCE TO USE IT.

...NO JOKE.
THE BEST THING TO DO IF YA RUN INTO A **BAD COP** IS TO **RUN!**



* **HINT!** FOR ADDED SPEED, TRY DROPPING THAT CASTRO CONVERTIBLE OR SET OF MAG WHEELS YOU'RE CARRYING...

Guess what we have here?!



...AND DON'T FORGET TO WEAR YER **FELONY SHOES!**

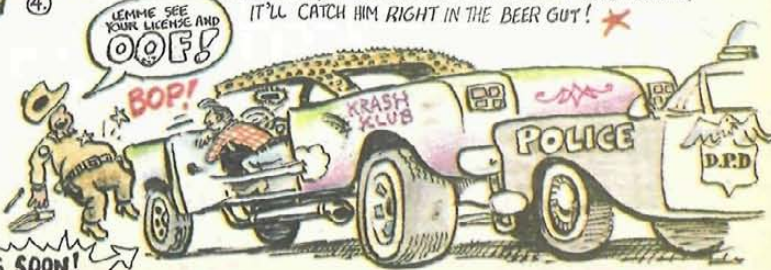


STILL, IF THE MAN BEHIND YA JUST WONT LEAVE YA ALONE, HERE'S A NIFTY TRICK THAT REALLY DOES WORK! WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE YER REFLECTION IN THE BIG HAT'S MIRRORED SHADES; THEN SPRING YER DOOR OPEN WITH ALL YOUR SHOULDER WEIGHT. IT'LL CLIP HIM RIGHT IN THE SHINS, OR, IF YER JOCKEYING A JACKED-UP MEAN MACHINE, IT'LL CATCH HIM RIGHT IN THE BEER GUT! *

NO, THEY'RE NOT RACETRACK TOUTS. THESE ARE "PLAINCLOTHES" COPS, AND ARE ABOUT AS EASY TO SPOT AS AN OCTAROON IN A SNOWBANK.

YER BASIC LOOKS PICTURED ABOVE ARE: ① "HIP" NARC LOOK, ② RUGGED HUNTER LOOK, ③ CASUAL (?) LOOK, AND ④ BIKER SLOB LOOK.

COPS ARE THE ONLY WHITE FOLKS AROUND WHO WEAR GREEN PANTS. THIS'Z A FACT... ALSO: WHITE SHOES ARE A SIGN OF HIGH RANK!



COMING SOON! TURN THAT OIL-BURNING KLUNKER INTO THE **BADDEST RIDE IN TOWN** FOR JUST \$49.99

* **BE SURE 'N' SEND ME A POSTCARD FROM JAIL AND TELL ME HOW THIS WORKED!**

July 4th, 1979 **Jose Schenkman**

Chief of Detectives, State of Intoxication

PJ'S POTPOUR

SOME NEW JOKES

The latest ethnic joke craze is WASP jokes. They're sweeping the nation. You've probably already heard this one:

How many WASPs does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Two—one to call the help and one to mix the drinks.

Here are a few more:

Why do so few WASPs commit suicide?

They watch you very, very carefully at Payne Whitney.

What do you get when you cross a WASP with an ape?

An athletic scholarship to Harvard.

What do you call a six-foot-tall WASP with a gun?

Lieut. Colonel.

Now write your own WASP joke in the space below. Go ahead, give it a try!

A CUTE POEM

As models of economy

Are modern poets a delight.

They only write what they will read,

And read only what they write.

Thus, they resemble those certain rare birds,

Who drink their own pee and eat their own turds,

Achieving a wonderful self-sustenant state,

As they neatly dispose of the mess they create.

And only the most philosophical bore

Would ask one or the other what either is for.

For the birds and the bards are a delight to observe,

They conduct their consumption with gusto and verve,

And leave it to others, what purpose is served.

WHERE THOSE CASES OF CANADIAN CLUB ARE HIDDEN

In the Wilds of New Guinea:

Lat. 11°15" S, Long. 147°6'3" E—two kilometers north out of Port Moresby on the Kerma road, just past the old Australian army mile post, fifteen feet into the brush on the right, beside the rusted-out Jap tank.

High Among the Himalayas:

Lat. 27°30'39" N, Long. 88°13'3" E—under a pile of lumber behind Thondup Namgyal's wine shop, No. 3 Punakha St., Gangtok, Sikkim.

Deep in the Mojave Desert:

Lat. 34°28'0" N, Long. 116°52'3" W—Mojave View Trailer Court, Yermo, Cal., second trailer on the right as you go through the gate, in the cupboard over the kitchen sink.

THE WORLD'S BRIEFEST STEVE MARTIN PARODY

NOXIOUS SOCKS

CATS UP MY ASS

I WOKE UP this morning with cats up my ass. There's nothing wrong with having cats up your ass. Except it really hurts. Ow! Ow! Ouch! Ouch!

MY GRANDFATHER

MY GRANDFATHER WAS a wonderful man. He had a terrific philosophy of life. It went like this → and sometimes it went like this ← or this ↑ or this ↑ or even like this *lllll* →

WORDS

Oneword
Two words
Thre e words
Fo ur wo rds
More words than I can count up to

SOME AMERICAN INDIAN PLACE NAMES AND WHAT THEY MEAN IN THEIR NATIVE LANGUAGES

Alabama	Choctaw:	"Here."
Arkansas	Natchez:	"Right here."
Chesapeake	Creek:	"What we call this place."
Connecticut	Iroquois:	"This place."
Chattanooga	Cherokee:	"This place right here."
Chicago	Crow:	"Here."
Dakota	Kiowa:	"Here we are."
Idaho	Arapaho:	"We are here."
Illinois	Black Foot:	"Call it? We don't call it anything."
Massachusetts	Nez Perce:	"Right where we're standing."
Michigan	Sioux:	"Here."
Nebraska	Comanche:	"Over here."
Ohio	Chippewa:	"Around here."
Omaha	Mandan:	"Near here."
Tennessee	Mohawk:	"Here."

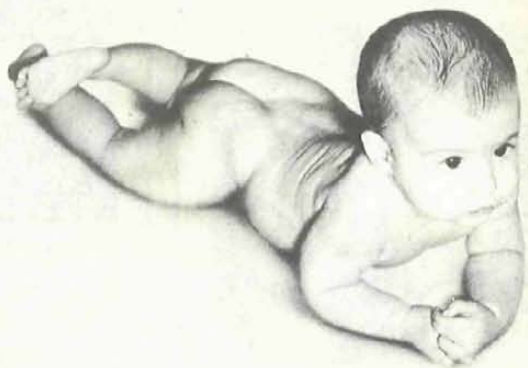
ANTI-SEXIST NUDE PHOTO SPREAD

An Experimental Attempt to Avoid the Exploitation of Women in the Pages of the *National Lampoon*

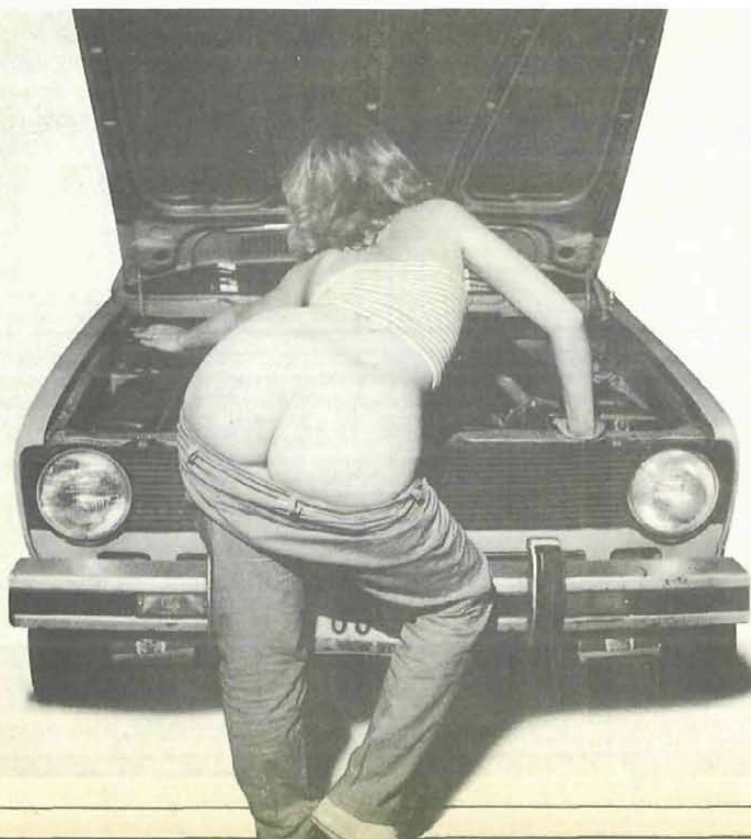
"Hi! I'm a beautiful, beautiful woman. And I'm completely nude, and my perfect body is glistening with fragrant oils!"



This is Jennifer. Isn't she just the most gorgeous thing you've ever seen in your life? So pink, so smooth, and so rounded and soft. God, she's cute! *Itchy-kitchy.coo...*



"I pulled my pants down so you could see my butt while I give the car a quick tune-up so I can drive down to San Diego to give a lecture on tensile strength in heli-arc welds to the National Convention of Mechanical Engineers. Anybody got a 15/16 - inch socket?"



Terry begs to differ with the idea that nude photography is exploitative. Terry thinks the human body is a wonderful thing that should be exhibited proudly for all to see. Terry loves masterful guys and is into all kinds of kinky sex, too. Unfortunately, Terry is not a woman.



PREVIEW

P.J. PICKS AND
PREDICTS THIS FALL'S
SMASH CULTURAL HITS

PUNK LANDSCAPE GARDENING

Punk has pretty much run its course on the pop music scene, but there's a wealth of other art forms to which the punk ethic has yet to be applied. Watch for a big spread on punk formal gardens in the October *Architectural Digest*.



"BORED STIFF"



Early in November, PBS will present "Bored Stiff," a documentary about a novel youth program at a New York City parochial high school. Parents in the predominantly Italian school district were concerned that their upwardly mobile second- and third-generation offspring had no interest in traditional organized crime ties and were turning instead to white collar careers. Select groups of students from Brooklyn's St. Catherine high school were given tours and frank lectures by long-term employees of an insurance company to show them exactly what life behind desks is like.

PROTEST DISCO SONGS

NUKEY-OOGY-OOGY NOI

Words by P.J. O'Rourke
Music by Louise A. Gikow

Disco

Don't build no nu-key They're weird and koo-ky Oh ba-by Go to the dis-co in-

stead We'd rather be dan-cers than get those can-cers And have to stay home in bed

There's plen-ty of en-er-gy for all If they'd just blow some snow in the

toi-let stall Dance dance dance in your Hal-ston pants Dance dance dance don't build no

pow-er plants Nu-key oo-gy ick-y puke-y yuck-y yeah

MADE-FOR-TV-BALLET



Late this month, NBC will air the world's first made-for-TV ballet, *Swan Precinct*. The two-hour special will star noted dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov as Lieut. Swan, seen above performing a grand jeté in the *Pas de Car Chase* scene from Act I.

ETC.

THE UNHAPPIEST MAN IN NEW YORK

He had an Irish psychiatrist and a Jewish bartender.



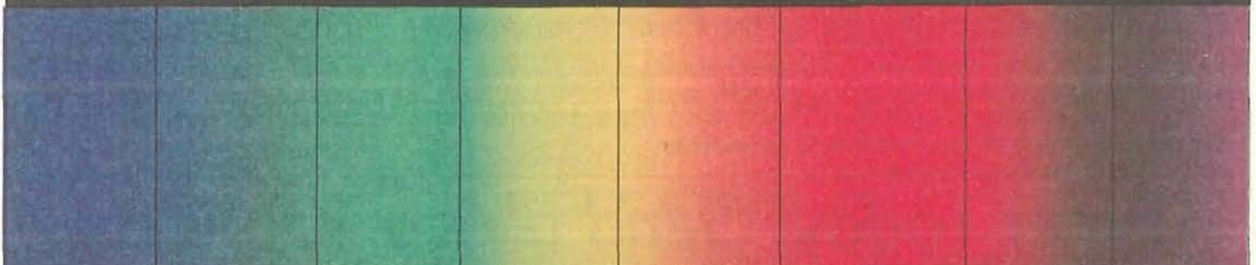
FLENNIKEN

THE NEW METRIC COLORS

On July 1, 1980, the United States will convert from the English customary color system to the metric colors already in use by most of the world's population. No doubt at first, many Americans will be confused by the new colors; gone will be the creams, maroons, and quiet shades of gray so familiar to us now, and in their place will be the loud, clashing hues long popular in Europe and the Third World. But it's a necessary change, important in keeping U.S. industries up-to-date and competitive in the international marketplace. And it's a change that will have far-reaching effects, too, because, in combination with the new metric business suit cut mandated by law at the beginning of 1981, everyone in the country will look like a homosexual French myna bird on crossing guard duty.

ENGLISH CUSTOMARY COLOR UNITS

VIOLET BLUE GREEN YELLOW ORANGE RED PURPLE

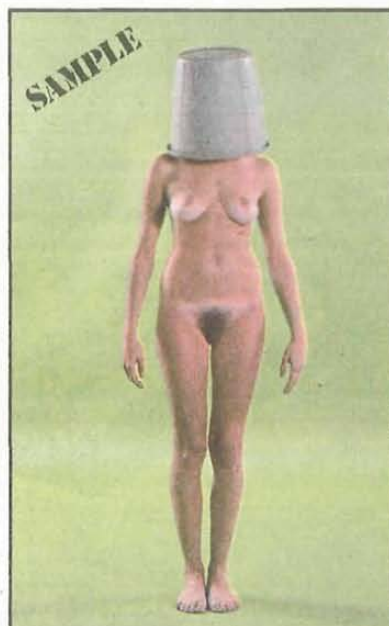
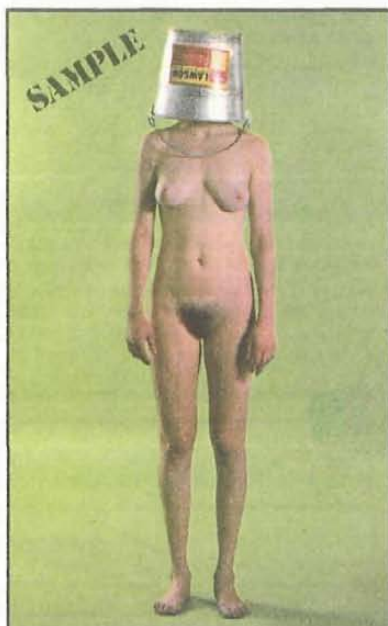


NEW METRIC COLORS

WAVELENGTHS IN MILLIMICRONS

Fabulous New National Lampoon **CONTEST**

Send us a nude photograph of your girl friend with a bucket over her head!



Prizes Winners of the National Lampoon Contest to send in a Nude Photograph of Your Girl Friend with a Bucket Over Her Head will win a free nude photograph of their girl friend with a bucket over her head, reprinted in the National Lampoon!

Rules Photographs can be black and white or color, but must be full-frontal nudes. Arms should be at the sides, and the picture full-length. Wives are allowed, but no mothers,

please. The bucket is mandatory, but any type of bucket—metal or plastic—will do, and, in a pinch, you can use an umbrella stand, waste-paper basket, or potato chip can. No paper bags, though—that's cheating. Also, everybody involved should be over eighteen. We're over eighteen. And if you'll just do this one little thing for us and send in a nude picture of your girl friend with a bucket over her head, we'll promise, in the future, to try and act like we're over eighteen, too. O.K.?

Enter today! Send photographs to:

National Lampoon Bucket Contest
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

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TDK goes to extremes to build a better cassette.

Most premium cassettes are designed to perform well enough at room temperature and moderate humidity. At TDK, we know our cassettes will often be used in less than ideal conditions and we're not satisfied until we know our tape and our mechanism will perform in almost any environment they might encounter.

That's why we maintain some of the most sophisticated quality control facilities in the industry. We have rooms where technicians can vary the temperature and humidity to simulate arctic winter, desert summer, tropical rain forest, or anything in between. We even go beyond these extremes. Only then can we be sure that our cassettes will always perform to our exacting specifications.

How does this relate to you? Suppose you leave your

cassettes in the glove compartment of your locked car on a sweltering summer day. Will they work when you pop them in your in-dash deck, or will the tape become sticky and gum up the deck? Suppose you take your portable cassette player to an unheated ski cabin, miles from nowhere. Will your cassettes work properly or will the mechanism jam and the tape crack? If you use TDK cassettes, you know they

will perform, even when some won't.

Environmental tests are just a small part of TDK's quality assurance program. Because of this program, TDK was the first cassette manufacturer to offer a full lifetime warranty*—more than a decade ago. And our cassettes are so highly thought of in the hi fi industry that most quality manufacturers use TDK SA to test their cassette decks, before they leave the factory!

We know your TDK cassettes may never leave the living room. But it makes us proud to know that if you decide to trek to the North Pole or sail up the Amazon, you don't have to leave your music behind. TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, N.Y. 11530



TDK
The machine for your machine.

© 1979 TDK Electronics Corp.

*In the unlikely event that any TDK cassette ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship, simply return it to your local dealer or to TDK for a free replacement.

New Constellations

BY TIMOTHY FERRIS & P.J. O'ROURKE

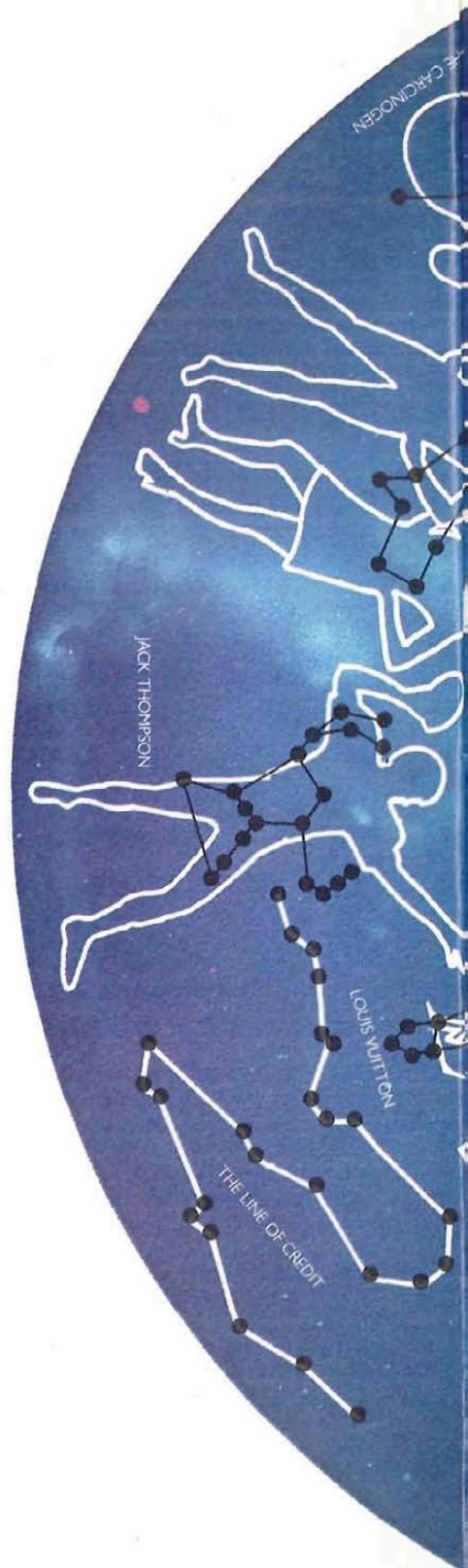
It was the ancient Mediterranean civilizations who first named the constellations of the northern sky, and so, unchanged, the names have come down to us. It seems a shame that today's young people, gazing into the beautiful vistas of space (the last frontier of modern science), should find shapes and configurations named only to represent musty old mythological figures with no relevance to the fast-paced world of today. Hercules,

for instance, is no more than a poorly-dubbed Italian movie on TV to most people. And Castor and Pollux—what contemporary high school or college student could be expected to care about these ancient diseases of the skin? No, what's needed, if we hope to produce a generation of astronomers, astronauts, astrophysicists, and people who gape at the sky after dark, is a "with-it" set of constellations that America's youth can "relate to."

OLD NAMES

NEW NAMES

Andromeda and Pegasus	The Turbo Porsche
Aries	Lhasa Apso
Aquarius	Perrier and Lime
Aquila	The Hang Glider
Auriga and Perseus	The Hot Tub
Boötes	The Sperry Top-Sider
Cancer	The Carcinogen
Capricorn	Mr. Coffee
Cetus	The Squash Racquet
Coma	The Quaalude
Corona Borealis	The Rolex Wristwatch
Corvus	New Fleetwood Mac Album
Cygnus	The Business Jet
Eridanus	The Line of Credit
Gemini	Mork and Mindy
Hercules	The Ski Instructor
Leo	The Gucci Bag
Leo Minor	The Gucci Belt
Libra	The Gram Scale
Orion	Jack Thompson
Pisces	Fillet of Sole and White Wine
Sagittarius	The Hamptons
Scorpio	Grand Bahama
Taurus	Louis Vuitton
Ursa Major	Coke Spoon Major
Ursa Minor	Coke Spoon Minor
Virgo	Diane Von Furstenberg





THE GUCCI BAG

NEW FLEETWOOD MAC ALBUM

DIANE VON FURSTENBURG

THE GRAM SCALE

THE ROLEX WRISTWATCH

THE GUCCI BELT

THE QUAIL

COKE SPOON MAJOR

THE SPERRY TOPSIDER

THE SKI INSTRUCTOR

GRAND BAHAMA

WOK AND WINDY

THE HOT TUB

COKE SPOON MINOR

THE BUSINESS JET

THE HAMPTONS

THE TURBO PORSCHE

THE HANG GLIDER

LHASA ARSO

FILLET OF SOLE AND WHITE WINE

MR. COFFEE

PERRIER AND LIME

THE SQUASH RACQUET



NORTH

Midnight, September 1



oward a Larger English Language

Many words in English seem to be unable to function without a prefix—"prefix," for instance. If more of these words, or "fixes," as we would be able to call them, could be put into use, we might find ourselves more ept at the use of language skills and less troubled by ciseness and a tendency to municate when pressing ourselves. Below are various examples.

anity

The works of James Joyce contain vast passages of anity.

aster

The retreat from the Yalu River was viewed as a great aster by the Red Chinese.

becile

Recent foreign policy experience indicates that President Nixon may have been a becile after all.

bilitating

Lawyer Roy Cohn's popularity and success clearly show the bilitating effects of sucking scum out of the gutter.

bolished

Quick, grab a six-pack of malt liquor and a fifteen-year-old Puerto Rican hooker—they've bolished dog racing in New Jersey!

cegnation

The marriage of Elizabeth Taylor and Jack Warner presents one of the worst cases of cegnation in recent memory.

chieveous

There is a certain chieveous glint in the eye of Republican presidential hopeful George Bush.

cide

Teddy Kennedy has cided to run for president.

cline

Mahatma Gandhi was clined to dissipation.

corative

Eleanor Roosevelt served a strictly corative role as First Lady.

course

Gerald Rafshoon and Bella Abzug are having sexual course this very minute.

cretion

Margaret Trudeau exhibited total cretion in her autobiography.

demn

Middle-class whites convicted of murder are usually demned to death.

derwear

Expensive Halston derwear is in vogue at Studio 54, Xenon, and other fashionable Manhattan ooze pits.

duce

HRH Prince Charles will probably duce Suzi Quatro to his mom and dad.

ert

The *Hindenburg* was filled with hydrogen, an ert gas.

gressive

Vice-President Rockefeller was a liberal Republican, Governor Reagan was a conservative Republican, and President Ford was a gressive Republican.

gruntled

The Russians are gruntled with the Salt II agreement.

hibited

San Francisco is home to more than 100,000 inhibited homosexuals.

hore

Many persons privately hore the Israeli air strikes on Palestinian refugee camps.

lete

"Fuck [expletive leted] you," he said.

lief

Bert Lance greeted the federal grand jury subpoena with a sigh of lief.

lien

There's a big problem in New York with illegal liens who lay around soaking up welfare benefits and won't get jobs.

mantle

The Soviets have mantled all their silo-based missiles with MIRV warheads.

may

Oil companies have repeatedly expressed may with the high price of gasoline.

mit

President Nixon mits that he broke the law.

mocracy

The People's Republic of China is a wonderful example of mocracy at work.

molate

The Buddhist monk, soaked in water, molated himself in the middle of the street.

molish

The Indian government has molished the Taj Mahal.

monstrable

Federal spending has no monstrable effect on the rate of inflation.

nocent

Those Palestinians in the refugee camps are nocent victims of Israeli terror.

nomaly

Andrew Young's style of senseless blather is a nomaly at the UN.

norant

Most Germans were norant of what the Nazis intended to do with the Jews.

novative

The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare has many novative plans for combating urban decay.

ogeny

Tiny, disgusting Polack Roman Polanski is famously ogenic.

orcism

An interesting case of orcism was portrayed in the movie *The Devil in Miss Jones*.

parage

There is a lamentable tendency to parage the works of many modern poets.

patch

The Carter administration has set about formulating an energy policy with great patch.

pell

Another thing the Carter administration has been doing is trying to pell the rumors about Teddy Kennedy at Chappaquiddick.

pert

The Kennedys are real perts at driving cars.

pire

Especially the one Kennedy who has pired as a result of an assassin's bullet.

pulate

Many teen-age boys pulate with themselves in their bedrooms at night.

ranged

For a long time, the State Department thought Idi Amin was completely ranged.

sipid

There have been very few sipid novels published in the last twenty years.

stipation

Like President Carter, many visitors to Mexico find themselves afflicted with stipation. Unlike President Carter, it usually doesn't come out of their mouths.

sult

"Don't sult my intelligence," she said.

tain

Whenever you're not in trouble, it's a good idea to tain a lawyer.

tempt

Many rich people have great tempt for the law.

tent

Many poor people aren't tent with anything.

tinct

The rat has been tinct for thousands and thousands of years.

tinguished

Recent presidents have appointed a number of tinguished jurors to the Supreme Court.

tique

That dinette set is quite a tique.

tract

I'd like to tract that statement I made earlier about Margaret Trudeau.

trressing

All the criticism that she's been receiving in the press lately is personally trressing to me.

traught

He was traught at the news of his rich uncle's death.

vestigate

The FBI has done a terrific job of vestigating organized crime.

vide

Vide and get conquered.

vise

The Republican party has vised its views on mainland China.

vite

The Ayatollah Khomeini has vited Anwar Sadat to visit Iran. □

VACATION '58

continued from page 44

That flashing red light got closer and closer. Dad edged over to let the patrolman pass, but he didn't want to pass. He wanted Dad to pull over.

"I haven't gone over seventy miles per hour," Dad said.

"Well, he's not stopping you to chat," Mom said in her voice that sounds pleasant to children, but nasty to adults.

Dad pulled over and reached for his wallet. The cop came to the window. "What's the problem, officer?" Dad asked, offering his driver's license.

"You better step out of the car for a moment, sir."

Dad got out of the car and walked around behind it. His mouth dropped open and his eyes showed white. I jumped into the back and looked out the rear window. It was the most sickening thing I'd ever seen in my life. Aunt Edythe's dog was laying on the ground behind the car. He was flat on his belly with his legs out to the sides and his neck stretched out, so that he looked a beagle version of a bear rug. There was a wide red trail leading up to his body.

"We have anti-cruelty laws in this state," the cop told Dad.

"My God, you can't think I'd do a thing like that on purpose!" Dad protested, looking away from the carcass. "I tied the dog to the bumper while I put my wife's aunt in the car. It takes so long to get her in and out, I guess I forgot about him."

The cop bought Dad's explanation. He knelt down and tenderly examined the dog.

"I had one of these when I was a boy," he said with a sad smile. "From the looks of his foot pads I'd say this little guy kept up with you for half a mile or so."

After the cop pulled away, Dad untied the leash from the bumper and got back in the car. He just drove away telling everyone that we had a loose license plate and the cop was helping fix it. He must have figured Aunt Edythe wouldn't miss the dog now if she hadn't missed him all day.

On Wednesday we got off to a good, early start. Dad had consented to a side trip to Carlsbad Caverns. Carlsbad, Mom explained, was the largest cave in the world and New Mexico's only national park.

Mom took out all the maps and spread them across the front seat. Mark got ahold of one corner of the map and sucked it soft from Kermit, Texas, to Artesia, New Mexico, including Carlsbad. His tongue was spotted black with trip planner's ink, which Mom was afraid

might be poisonous. Dad pointed out that thousands of kids suck on maps and that the government wouldn't let the auto club use poison ink. It didn't make much difference whether or not the map was wrecked because no map showed the road we were on. We had gotten on it by mistake after missing a couple of detour-this-way signs. After a few miles, we drove off a cliff.

It wasn't a big cliff. It was only about four feet high. But it was enough to blow out the front tire, knock off the back bumper, break Dad's glasses, make Aunt Edythe spit out her false teeth, spill a jug of Kool-Aid, bump Missy's head, spread the Auto Bingo pieces all over, and make Mark do number two.

We sat there stunned, rubbing our banged-up arms and shins. Aunt Edythe howled about her internal organs getting the shock of their lives. Mom was in a panic because she thought a flying orange had hit Mark's soft spot. Dad just sat gripping the steering wheel and clicking his tongue. Personally, I enjoyed the accident and was particularly impressed with the distance Dad had gotten out of a heavy, loaded-up station wagon.

Dad cut all the adhesive strips of the Band-Aids and taped his glasses together. He stood on the roof of the car and studied the landscape to determine the best route back to civilization.

"Where's my little dog?" Aunt Edythe suddenly screamed. "Has he gotten loose in the desert? Where is he? I have to find him!" She tried to get out of the car.

"Stay in the car," Mom said sternly. "It's hot and dangerous out there."

"Don't you tell me what to do!" Aunt Edythe shot back. "I'll do what I want. I should never have come on this trip! I should have taken the airplane!"

She pointed a finger at Dad. "He can't even drive," she shouted.

Dad drew back his fist to deck her, but Mom got to her first, grabbing her arm and firmly pressing her back into her seat. "You move and I'll split your lip!" Mom yelled.

A glorious desert sunset bathed the tow truck in orange light as it hauled our car back to the dirt detour road.

"I never seen nothin' so mother bless'ed dumb," the toothless tow driver



World Segregation is serious business

Holly K Tuttle

said to Dad. "You musta got shit fer yer brains!"

Dad would have punched the guy in the mouth, but he knew there probably wasn't another tow truck in Loco Hills, New Mexico. He didn't even complain when all the men at the gas station laughed when he asked how much the tow and tire repair was.

"Well, how much? Five bucks? Ten bucks? What?" Dad inquired. The men laughed. Dad sort of laughed along with them.

"How much you got?" the avocado-shaped station owner asked.

"I'm asking how much the charge is," Dad said.

"Why on earth do you need to know how much money I have to tell me how much it costs to tow my car?"

"'Cause I'm a-gonna charge you all the money you got."

It cost us \$588 dollars. They even took the money out of Aunt Edythe's shoe. The owner of the station made it a point to explain to Dad that what he was doing wasn't robbery. "I should know," he laughed. "I'm the sheriff."

We spent the night in Alamogordo, New Mexico. Since the only money we had was Patty's twenty-nine dollars from baby-sitting, Dad had to rob the motel in the morning when he went to check out. He didn't actually rob it; he just reached into the cash register and took a handful of money. The manager came out of the back room, where he had been checking on our breakfast charges and saw Dad. He was pretty old and he didn't move too fast, so we got away clean.

About five miles outside of Lordsburg, Patty and I were singing "One Hundred Bottles of Beer on the Wall." All of a sudden Dad shouted, "Hold your hats!" He gunned the engine and we lunged forward. I could hear sirens wailing. I looked out the back. A highway patrol car was chasing us.

"Pull over, Clark!" Mom shouted. "Pull over!"

"Not on your life!" Dad growled. He pounded his fist on the steering wheel. "Come on, you gas-eating bastard, go!"

The cop was gaining on us. His Ford was light and tuned-up. Our Plymouth was heavy and loaded-down, and it shimmied and vibrated from driving off the cliff. The cop jerked his car into the passing lane. A truck coming in the opposite direction forced him back. He came up almost to our bumper. "Throw out the ice chest!" Dad shouted to me. "Throw it out the back window!"

I crawled back and lowered the window, and the rush of air and the change

THIS ISSUE:

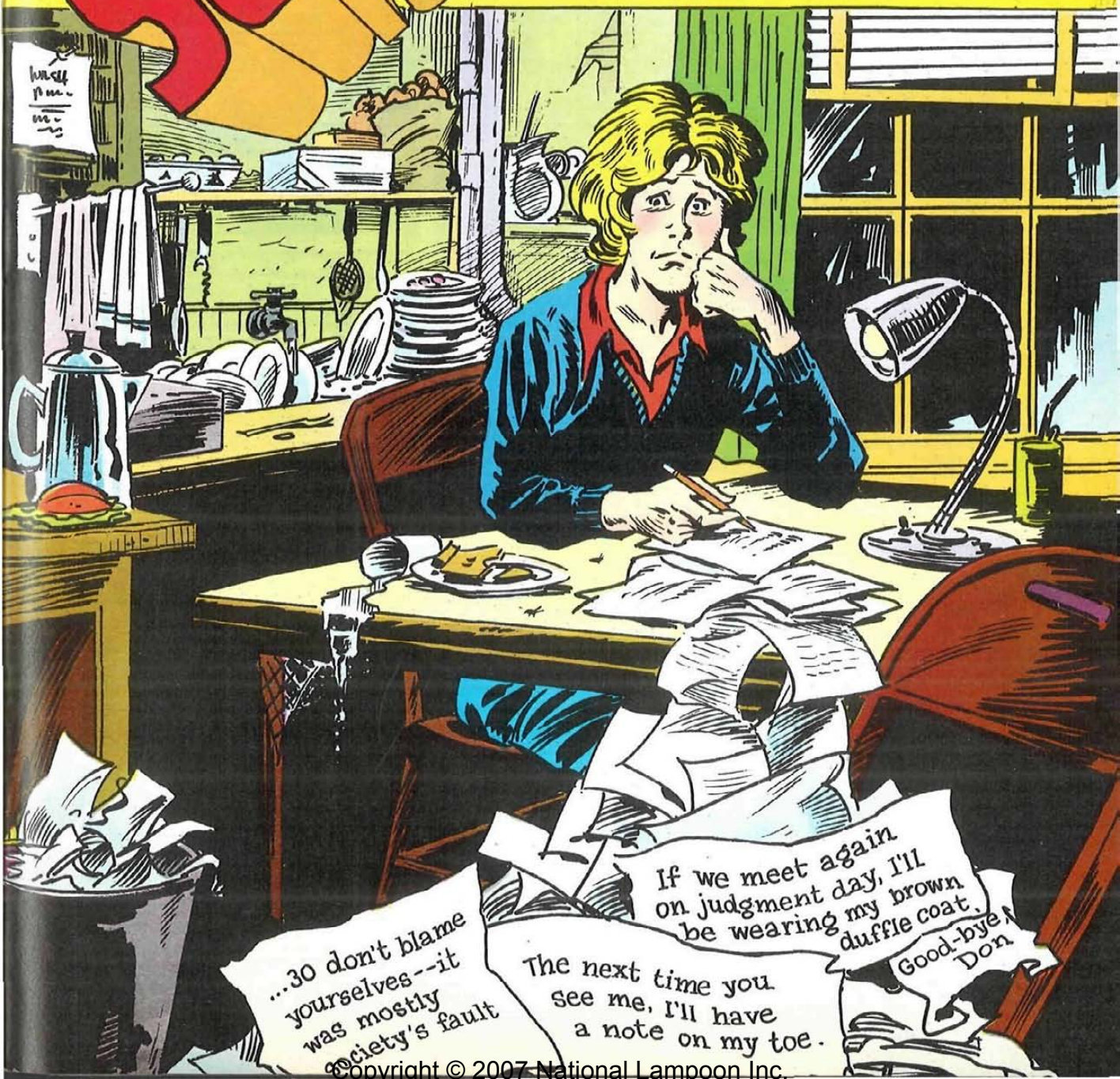
RETURN TO SENDER

The COUNTY CORONER'S SEAL BY HIS OWN HAND

PRICE TOO HIGH

FIRST SUICIDE ATTEMPT COMICS

SCRIPT: Ted Mann ART: Joe Orlando



...30 don't blame yourselves--it was mostly society's fault

The next time you see me, I'll have a note on my toe.

If we meet again on judgment day, I'll be wearing my brown duffle coat.

Good-bye, Don

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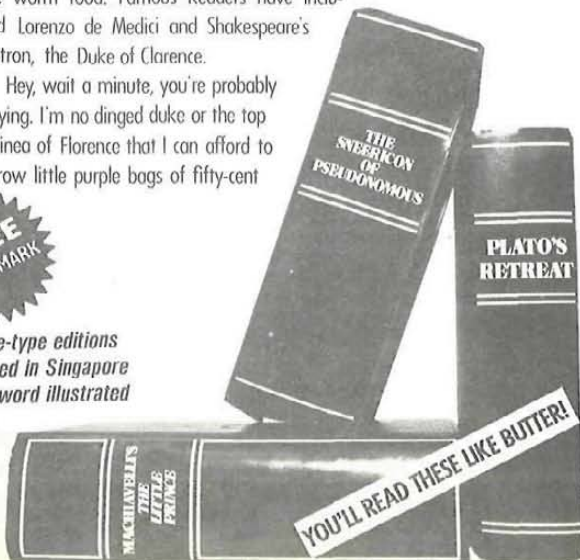
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GET STARTED READING YOUR FIRST FIFTH EDITION TODAY!

THINGS ALL SEEMED TO PILE UP AT ONCE IN MY FIRST YEAR AT COLLEGE. I COULDN'T CONCENTRATE AND I FELT NERVOUS. A COUPLE OF TIMES I THOUGHT I HEARD VOICES TALKING TO ME.



BUT I DID ANYWAY.

ZOOMERPHRENIA:

Common in first-year college students. Anxiety, hallucinations both aural and visual, synesthesia. This disease generally begins with a slight uncomfortable

feeling and progresses to a bungled suicide attempt. It is incurable now, but perhaps by 1979, when scientists know more about catecholamines and R.D. Laing...



I SERIOUSLY STARTED THINKING ABOUT KILLING MYSELF.

I IMAGINED HOW THEY'D THINK OF ME WHEN I WAS GONE...

THAT'S THE THIRD MEMORIAL ISSUE SOLD OUT. AND TO THINK I SAID HIS STORY WAS DERIVATIVE. WISH IT WERE ME INSTEAD OF HIM.



I REALIZED TOO LATE HE WAS THE ONLY MAN I COULD EVER LOVE... BOO-HOOH... WAH BOOO! SNIFF SNIFF.



... HIS ESSAY ON PARANOID GERMAN BACHELOR PHILOSOPHERS HAS BECOME THE STANDARD. I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE IT! WELL, EVEN NOW ONLY THREE MEN IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY UNDERSTAND IT PROPERLY...



I MADE UP MY MIND -- I IMAGINED MY LEGS, LIKE SOCRATES, SLOWLY GROWING NUMB. AND THE LEADEN PARALYSIS OF DEATH MOVING SLOWLY TOWARD MY HEAD...



THE STUFF WAS KIND OF HARD TO TAKE.



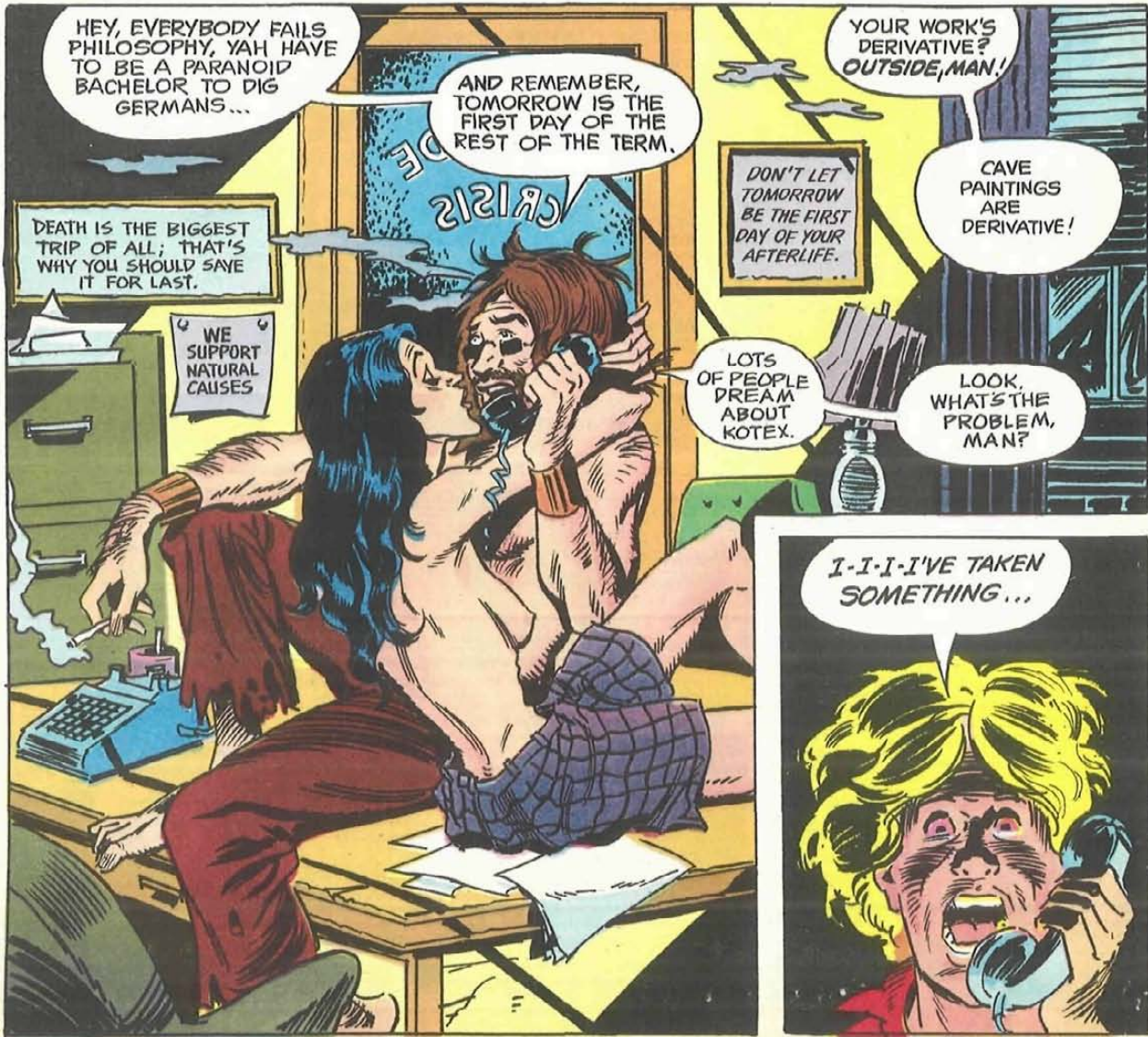
THE STUFF WAS TAKING HOLD. MY TOES FELT LIKE THEY WERE HYPNOTIZED. I WANTED TO CALL MY PARENTS... BUT IT WAS ELEVEN IN OHIO, AND THEY'D BE IN BED.



I HAD TO REACH OUT... TO TALK TO SOMEONE... TO TRY TO EXPLAIN WHY...

LOONINGER SUICIDE CRISIS PREVENTION CENTER?

THHLLUUP. CRISIS CENTER. OH HEY, HEAVY, RELAX, MAN. WHY SO UPTIGHT?



HEY, EVERYBODY FAILS PHILOSOPHY, YAH HAVE TO BE A PARANOID BACHELOR TO DIG GERMANS...

AND REMEMBER, TOMORROW IS THE FIRST DAY OF THE REST OF THE TERM.

YOUR WORK'S DERIVATIVE? OUTSIDE, MAN!

DEATH IS THE BIGGEST TRIP OF ALL; THAT'S WHY YOU SHOULD SAVE IT FOR LAST.

WE SUPPORT NATURAL CAUSES

DON'T LET TOMORROW BE THE FIRST DAY OF YOUR AFTERLIFE.

CAVE PAINTINGS ARE DERIVATIVE!

LOTS OF PEOPLE DREAM ABOUT KOTEX.

LOOK, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, MAN?



I-I-I-I'VE TAKEN SOMETHING...



THE LONGER I TALKED TO THE GUY AT THE LOONINGER CLINIC THE GREATER THE RAPPORT THAT DEVELOPED BETWEEN US.



HE SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND THINGS ALMOST BEFORE I HAD SAID THEM.

SO WHEN THE GUY SAID "GOOD ENOUGH," I KNEW HE MEANT THE CHEESE "GOUDA," WHICH WAS OBVIOUSLY A WAY OF SAYING MY FEET SMELLED...

TEE HEE!



I FOUND OUT LATER HIS NAME WAS DAVE BECAUSE I MARRIED HIS GIRL FRIEND AFTER GRAD. SMALL WORLD.



HE SAYS HE'S TAKEN TWO SOX-O-DON, HA-HA-HA.

HEE-HEE HAH HAH



I JUST ABOUT DIED. I WOULD HAVE IF I HADN'T DRUNK THE GLASS OF COKE RIGHT AWAY LIKE DAVE TOLD ME TO, SOMEHOW IT HELPED THE POISON PASS THROUGH MY SYSTEM.



WHEN IT FINALLY FINISHED PASSING THROUGH TWO DAYS LATER, I FELT LIKE ONE OF THOSE GUYS IN READER'S DIGEST WHO WERE TECHNICALLY DEAD AND SAW THE AFTERLIFE.



HERE'S A PICTURE OF CIRRY AND ME. WE "TIED THE KNOT" AFTER I FINISHED LAW SCHOOL. SHE LEFT DAVE AFTER HE SPLIT TO CALIFORNIA WITH HER STEREO. APPARENTLY HE GOT HOOKED ON POT.

WELL, I'LL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL TO HIM ANYWAY. "IT TAKES ALL TYPES TO MAKE A WORLD," AS I TELL CIRRY.

THE END

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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DON'T ASK ME HOW WE GOT FROM PUTRID POT STEW TO DRIED FLOWER PETALS MIXED UP WITH OTHER STUFF AND USED BY OLD-FASHIONED LADIES TO MAKE DRAWERS AND CLOSETS SMELL GOOD! I GUESS IT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS THAT HAPPEN TO WORDS.

LIKE THE WAY COCK USED TO MEAN ROOSTER, BUT NOW IT MEANS... TEE-HEE... TEE-HEE...

ANYWAY, FINALLY POTPOURRI STARTED MEANING ANY KIND OF A MIXTURE OR MEDLEY OR HOTCHPOTCH OF DIFFERENT SORTS OF THINGS.

IN FACT, I'M GOING TO GO OUT AND BUY ONE OF THESE ISSUES MYSELF...

AND THAT'S WHAT THIS ISSUE OF THE NATIONAL LAMPOON IS— A MIXTURE OR MEDLEY OR HOTCHPOTCH OF DIFFERENT SORTS OF THINGS. AND ALL OF THEM ARE REALLY GOOD!

...JUST AS SOON AS I GET THROUGH WITH THE GUY WHO MADE ME MEMORIZE ALL THIS STUFF AND STOLE MY CLOTHES!

THE END

FALL POTPOURRI ISSUE

NATIONAL LAMPOON

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VACATION '58

continued from page 58

in pressure sucked a baby sheet and a Wichita newspaper out of our car and onto the windshield of the cop car. The cop swerved and ripped into the dirt shoulder, sending up a rooster tail of dirt and gravel. Dad laughed.

"What are you doing?" Mom screamed. She didn't know about the robbery. I knew, but Dad made me promise not to tell Mom.

"I'm running from the law!"

"What? Are you crazy?"

"I robbed the Roadrunner Motel!" he shouted. "To get money!"

The cop was back on our tail. A second car was coming from behind him.

"This is so cool!" I yelled out the back window.

"I have to go tinkle!" Missy cried.

Suddenly Dad slammed on the brakes. The Plymouth fishtailed to a screeching, rubber-stink stop. The cops locked up their brakes and dove to the sides of the road. Dad put the hammer down and we took off. One of the cops was stuck in the ditch. The other was in pursuit after a moment. That's when I threw out the ice chest. It hit the front of the cop car on the first bounce. The cop lost momentary control of his car and sideswiped a convertible in the other lane.

"It pays to watch 'Dragnet!'" Dad laughed.

Mom was in a trance, shaking her head. Tears were collecting in her eyes. Missy had wet her dress and was crying. Patty was saying her prayers, Mark was sleeping, and Aunt Edythe was looking sort of sick. I was having a great time planning what I would throw out the back trap next if some cop got brave enough to try and run in my Dad.

"Uh-oh!" Dad said.

I looked out the front and saw a flickering mass of lights.

"Roadblock," Dad said. He leaned forward and tried to coax a little more speed out of the Plymouth. "We'll run it!"

We split a row of sawhorses as if they weren't even there, and then plowed into two cop cars joined at the front bumpers, opening them up like supermarket doors. We smacked them so hard, they spun around until they met at the rear bumpers.

Dad kept it to the floorboards until we came to San Simon Creek, Arizona. He slowed down and cut off the main highway onto a dirt service road. That road ran into a larger road and then we were back on pavement. Dad calmed down and breathed a sigh of relief. He

even let us stop at a place called the Horrors of Mexico, which was a barn that had a dead person in a bottle and some wads of hair mounted in cases. There was also a chicken with five legs.

An hour later we arrived in Bisbee. Dad wanted to show us the largest open-pit copper mine in the country. "It says in the guidebook that this mine would hold nearly one billion pillows!"

As we examined the mine, Dad switched license plates with a car belonging to an elderly couple from Michigan. Then Dad called us back into the car and we got onto Highway 80 and headed north to Tucson to drop off Aunt Edythe, who, by now, didn't look very good at all.

"Leave her alone," Dad said to Mom. "She's sleeping. If you wake her, we'll just have to listen to her guff."

"I wonder if she's hungry," Mom replied. "We didn't wake her for lunch."

"Old people sleep a lot. She's fine."

Only she wasn't fine.

"Mom?" Patty said about an hour later. "Mom!"

"What is it!" Mom said angrily. She had just gotten Mark to stop screaming.

"Aunt Edythe is leaning on me and she won't get off. And I can't wake her up."

"Pull over, Clark," Mom said.

"We'll be in Tucson in another twenty minutes. She'll be fine."

"Pull over! She's not fine!"

Dad pulled over to the side of the road. Mom hurried out and opened the back door. Patty jumped out and Aunt Edythe slowly fell over, sort of like a tree being cut down. She stayed in a sitting position, even though she was on her side.

"She's dead!"

Patty shrieked and rubbed the spot on her arm where Aunt Edythe's head had



Holly K Tuttle

rested. Dad pounded the steering wheel.

"Well, goddamn it anyway!" he yelled.

We figured that she must have died back around Deming, New Mexico. That's the last time anyone could remember her saying anything. She told us to roll the windows up because she was freezing cold. She was dead about ten hours and missed out on the cop chase.

"What are we going to do, Clark?"

Mom asked, choking back tears.

"We could leave her here and call Normie and you could tell him to come and..."

"We can't do that!"

"Well, hell, then let's take her to Tucson. I just don't want to get caught up in questioning and funerals and all that baloney."

"How can you be so cold and insensitive?" Mom asked.

"I'm not being insensitive, I'm being practical. We have only three days at Disneyland at the tops—three days. It was your idea to take a car vacation to Disneyland, not mine. I didn't rob a motel, ruin my car, and kill a dog to spend my vacation at a funeral for a crusty old bag."

Mom could hardly argue with that so we continued on to Tucson with Aunt Edythe on the roof covered with Dad's raincoat. She was real light and Dad was able to get her up there by himself, which was good because no one else would touch her.

"Come on, let's play I Spy," Dad said, trying to cheer us up and make us forget that there was an eighty-four-year-old dead woman on our roof. "I spy something... green!"

When we got to Tucson, we had to stop at a gas station and get a fill-up. Mom looked up Normie's address in the phone book. He lived over near the University of Arizona. The gas station attendant helped us with directions, and we found the house with no trouble at all. The only problem was, Normie wasn't home. His neighbor said he went up to Flagstaff for the week.

"I hope he don't get this rain," the man said as he hurried inside his house. He shouted from the porch, "First rain in eleven weeks!"

"It's a damn good thing it's night," Dad said as he carried Aunt Edythe into Normie's backyard and sat her down in a patio chair.

"You can't leave her here," Mom said. "It's raining."

"Is she going to catch a cold and die?"

"No, but have some respect!"

"Up your ass with a red hot poker!" Dad finally lost his temper. He stormed back to the car and lit up a cigarette.

continued on page 82

EDITORIAL

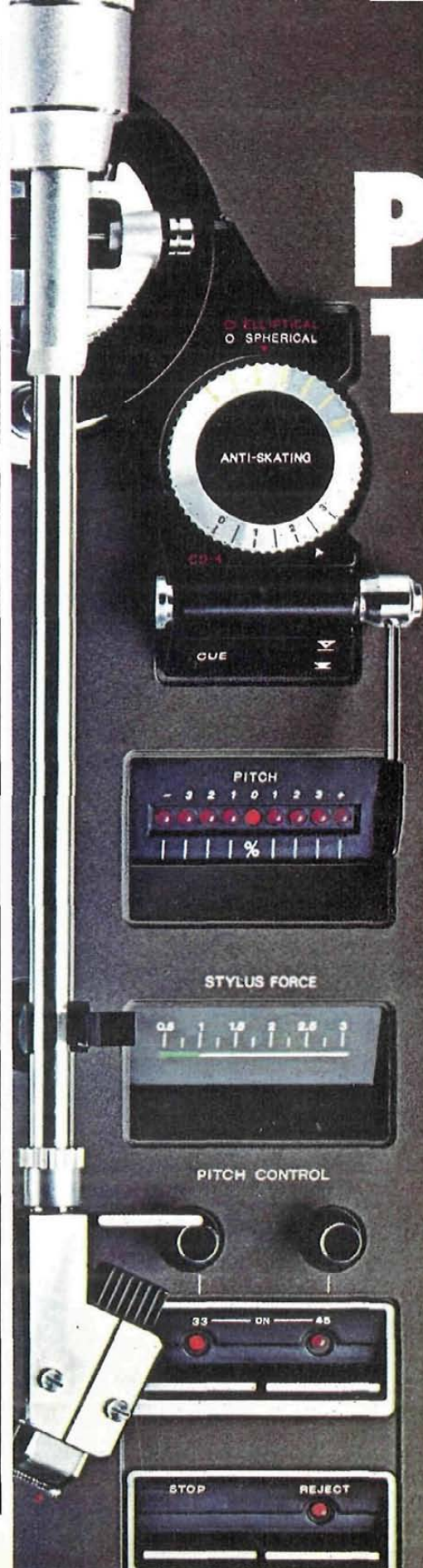
continued from page 6

and worried about when they'd get cancer or whatever it was you got in those days. Sometimes I think maybe that wasn't such a bad way to live—raping and pillaging and razing things to the ground. Actually, I'll take a rain check on the pillaging since that's always seemed to me like the really blue-collar side of being a barbarian. What with having to get all your pillage together in one place and worrying about it getting rained on and having it carted to your folks' house for storage and everything. But the rest of it sounds pretty neat except, maybe, if you had a toothache.

Myself, I've often wished we could get a little urban warfare going here the way they did in Lebanon. Because that way, you could fight right out of your own apartment while you played great stuff on the hi-fi, like "Heartbreaker" by the Rolling Stones, which would be perfect to fight to. Especially with a Klashnikov submachine gun and one foot propped up on the window sill giving a faceful of small-caliber ordinance to whatever we're going to have urban warfare with.

Which I guess is not yet decided, but I sure hope it's somebody we can all hate without feeling too guilty—like presidents of the Teamsters union or the government of Haiti, because that way we wouldn't have to take prisoners and could even kill their children, as long as they were over twelve and not too cute. Though what a bunch of Teamsters presidents and the government of Haiti would all be doing in New York at the same time is a mystery to me—and would there be enough of them to make it last? You see, you could get dressed in your favorite blue jeans and stuff, and fill your pockets with cartridge clips, and hook hand grenades on your belt, and get some neat scars and maybe an eye patch, and go around and save every cute girl that ever gave you the brush-off in a singles bar just to prove that you're an old softie at heart, even though you had to cut a blood-soaked swath through half the city to get to her house. What better way to say, "I love you"? And when it comes to the meaning of life, I guess "I love you" is what it's really all about. P.J.

P.S. We would like to apologize to Mary Ann Shea for not crediting her for her brilliant illustration in the July, 1979 "Sports" issue for "Das Kalistenik."



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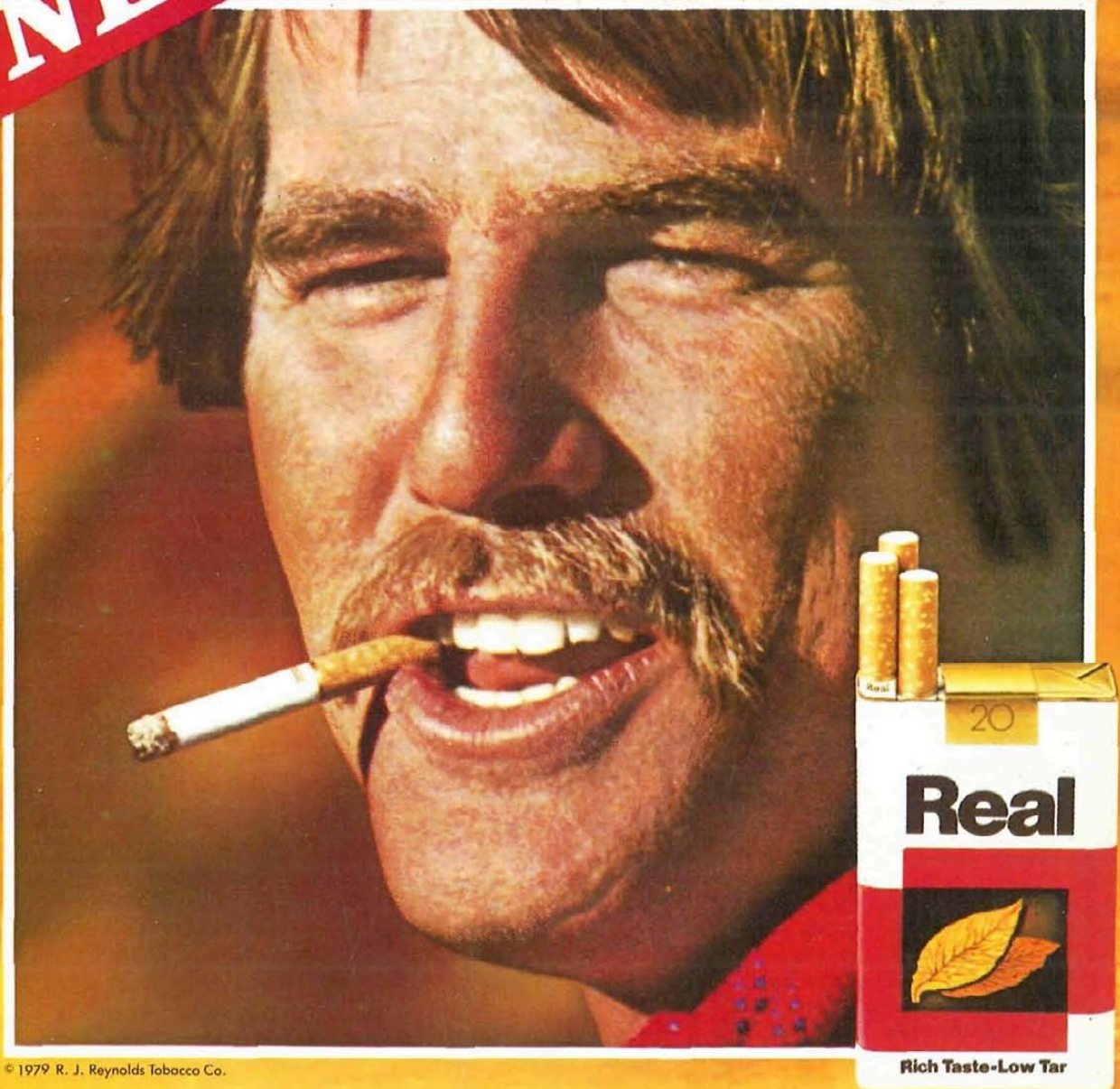
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FUNNY PAGES

SNUTS

REMEMBER IT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH YOU HAD TO BOTHER ABOUT YOUR EVENTUALLY BECOMING ONE OF THE GROWN-UPS, YOU HAD TO WORRY ABOUT BECOMING ONE THAT DIDN'T WORK OUT!

YES, MISS CRIPP.

I HOPE YOU ARE STILL BEING CAREFUL ABOUT WHERE YOUR DOGGIE "GOES," LITTLE BOY, AS "IT" CAN CAUSE HORRIBLE DISEASE AND BOILS ON BABIES AND BLINDNESS!

YES, MISS CRIPP.

SOME DAYS SHE'S WORSE THAN ON OTHER DAYS.

HOLD IT, WALDO-DON'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL SHE GOES AROUND THE CORNER!

SNIFF!

I WONDER HOW YOU GET THAT WAY? MAYBE IT'S EASY IF YOU DON'T WATCH YOURSELF ALL THE TIME. MAYBE YOU HAVE TO WORK AT IT. MAYBE, ONE DAY, YOU WAKE UP AND IT'S JUST GRABBED YOU FOR KEEPS.

THAT'S A GOOD BOY, WALDO.

MMP!

I'LL BET IT'S A CINCH TO GO CUCKOO. I'LL BET IT'S THE SIMPLEST THING IN THE WORLD. JUST ONE DAY YOU SAY-SCREW IT, I'M GOING TO GO CUCKOO-AND YOU DO! START TALKING TO LITTLE KIDS ABOUT DOG SHIT.

STOP TUGGING WALDO!

NNNG!

I WONDER IF I'LL DECIDE TO DO IT?

Graham Wilson

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THE AESOP BROTHERS!

THE AESOP BROTHERS, SIAMESE TWINS, PRIVATE DETECTIVES, WERE SUMMONED BY A MRS. O'CONNELL TO REMOVE HER DEAD HUSBAND FROM THEIR PLAYROOM SINCE SHE NEEDED THE ROOM FOR HER TUPPERWARE PARTY LATER THAT EVENING.

ABOUT 155 POUNDS.

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#31.45-AW, MAKE IT AN EVEN 30 BUCKS!

HOW MUCH TO GET RID OF HIM?

FIFTEEN CENTS A POUND. HOW MUCH DOES HE WEIGH?

WHY'D HE HANG HIMSELF, LADY?

HE DIDN'T MEAN TO, BUT THE PULL OF GRAVITY WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

SHE LOOKS LIKE A FEMALE LESBIAN....



OH DANNY BOY, THE PIPES ARE...

WHAT THE HELL AM I GETTIN' WEEPY ABOUT? I'M ITALIAN!

WE'LL TAKE HIM UP TO THE OFFICE AND WHEN IT GETS DARK, WE'LL GET RID-UH-OH, A COP!



WE'LL HIDE HIM IN THE FILE CABINET UNDER 'H' FOR 'KILLED HIMSELF.'

INSPECTOR O'BRIEN, MEET OUR NEW PARTNER, FRANK O'CONNELL!

GLAD TO MEETCHA, FRANK-SAY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR HAND?

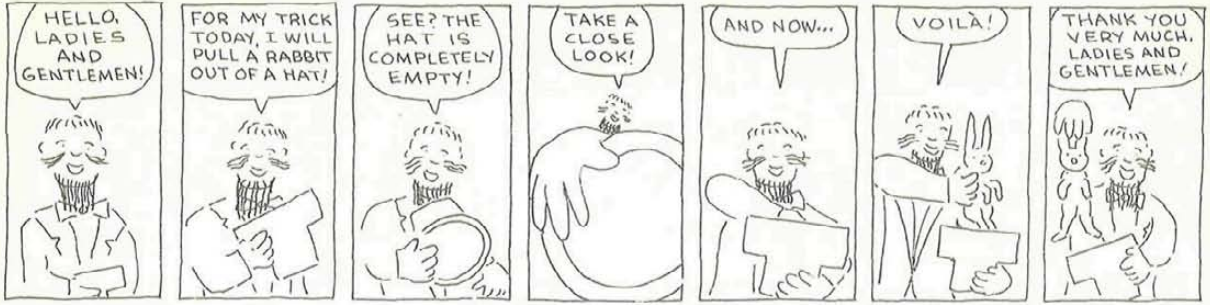


HE'S GOT BAD ARTHRITIS....

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CONTINUED

MAGICIAN COMICS! BY ED SUBITZKY



hilarly

by jody uttal



RAISE HELL WITH MOTHER JONES!

Are you ready for
MOTHER JONES?

The first one's
FREE.



Mother Jones is a magazine for the rest of us. For people who are barely surviving the age, who want—and expect—more. For people who are getting ready for the eighties. It's a kind of road map, compendium, home companion and provocation to thought—a catalogue of possibilities for yourself and the society that you won't find anywhere else.

Perhaps you've never heard of **Mother Jones**—the person or the magazine. We're named after an unsung heroine of American history who raised lots of hell herself—challenging, pushing, prodding for change, winning in the process battles that helped institute the first child labor laws in America, helped alleviate some of the worse working conditions in human history, and helped win for working women and men a new respect and power in the world.

Well, we raise her kind of hell. Her commitment and endurance have inspired a new national magazine that in its first three years has won 15 major awards for editorial excellence, graphics and public service.

We're known for blockbusters, for breaking stories that most of the media doesn't have the courage to touch, stories like

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- the anti-war bombing the FBI refused to stop in order to launch sweeping, illegal measures against the anti-war movement.
- the "Infant Formula" story that helped spark a worldwide boycott against powdered milk manufacturers.
- the truth about smoking and the tobacco industry that no one else would print.
- the secret links between the Bechtel corporation and the CIA, between est and the Hunger Project and between the White House and the nuclear industry chieftains.

But hard-hitting investigative journalism isn't all you'll get when you subscribe to **Mother Jones**. You'll also find rib-tickling cartoons, including the *Doonesbury* cartoons most newspapers wouldn't print...tidbits like the recipe for Oreo cookie filling and how much the IRS would collect if dope were legalized...what's new with psychics and physics, communes and computers...incisive profiles...sex after cigarettes...and how to do the missile shuffle.

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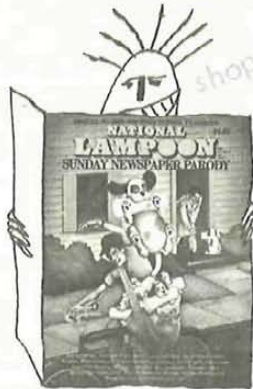


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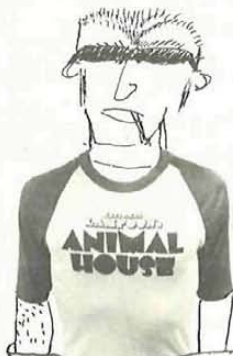
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TIMBERLAND Tales

by B.K. Taylor



DOCTOR ROGERS



KATHLEEN



MAURICE

THE INDIAN BOY SOME CALL HIM THE SONNIE.



CONSTABLE TOM

REFUSED TO HAVE A SMALL AMOUNT OF BRAIN DAMAGE.

IN THE NORTH, A TRIP TO A MOVIE IS A RARE TREAT.

GOOD EVENING, HOPE YOU ENJOY OUR FEATURE, AND HERE'S A FREE BALLOON FOR THE CHILD.

WELL, HERE WE ARE! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS, MAURICE? YOU SIT RIGHT IN THE CAR AND WATCH A MOVIE.

DIS IS SOME FUN, EH?

LOOK AT DOSE ANIMAL CARTOONS DERE—JUST LIKE DHEY WERE REAL!

ISNT IT AMAZING THE WAY THEY MAKE MOVIES NOWADAYS?

THE MOVIE ENDS ON A HAPPY NOTE...

HEH HEH! CHUCKLE

NOW DA RABBIT AND FOX ARE FRIENDS! DAT WAS A GOOD ONE, EH?

CONSTABLE TOM AND I SURE ARE 'UNGRY. CAN I GET SOME SCDA POP AND POPCORN?

SAY, THAT DOES SOUND GOOD. WE COULD ALL USE SOME REFRESHMENT.

AND SO MAURICE BEGINS THE TREK TO THE SNACK STAND.

HURRY BACK, MAURICE, AND DON'T FORGET BUTTER ON MY POPCORN!

ON HIS RETURN...

SURE I'LL RESPECT YOU, EH? OOOOH YEA, A LITTLE MORE, OOOOH AHH...

Paradi Dent

OOOOH, AH OOOOH....

W'OS DAT?

CONCERNED, MAURICE INVESTIGATES

ANYBODY 'URT IN DERE?

'EY! WHA... OOPS!

AHHH! WHAT THE HELL IS IT!

'EY 'ORSEY, RIDE 'EM, COWBOYS!

WAK! WAK!

SMEK!

HOP HOP

OOF!

GATHERING HIS TREATS, MAURICE RETURNS TO THE CAR.

BOY, DIS PLACE IS FUN!

Later

LOOK OVER THERE, THE POLICE HAVE ARRESTED A NAKED YOUTH!

MY WORD! WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE MAKES PEOPLE DO THINGS LIKE THAT?

DIS POPCORN SURE IS GOOD, EH?

HIGH SPEED RECEIVERS: FASTER RESPONSE MEANS MORE ACCURATE SOUND.

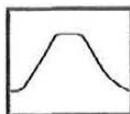
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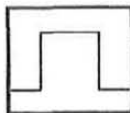
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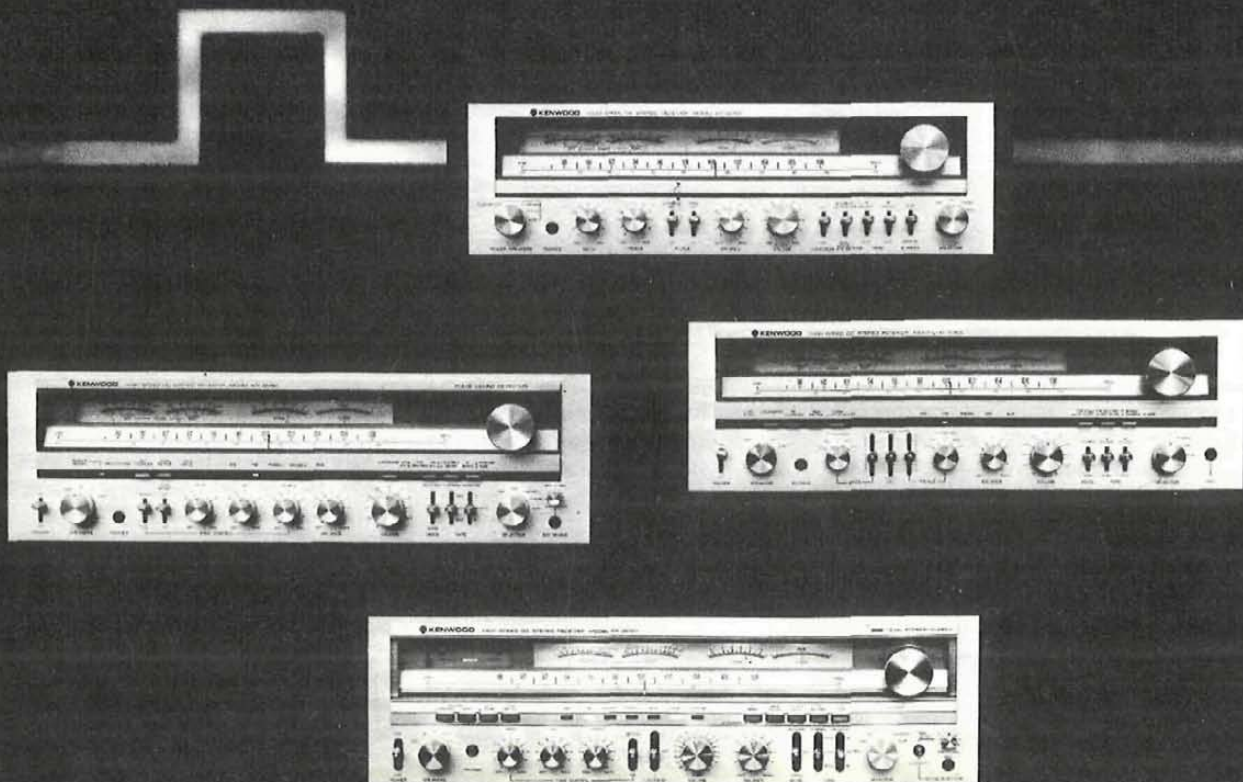
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VACATION '58
continued from page 70

Mom found her umbrella in the back and opened it up. She fixed it so it rested in Aunt Edythe's hand and protected her from the rain. Then she wrote a note and stuck it between Aunt Edythe's knees. The note said, "Sorry, Normie. Will talk later. Love, Ruth and Clark and the kids."

The vacation sort of went downhill after that. Mom continued to feel badly about how we just dumped Aunt Edythe on the porch and how upset Normie would be to find his Mom all wet and dead. Dad tried to be cheerful from time to time, but it wasn't sincere. He couldn't cheer anyone up, not the way he felt.

We ran into a little excitement the next day at the Yuma Proving Grounds, near the Arizona/California border. Dad thought that we might enjoy a brief trip to the Imperial Dam. At Roll, Arizona, we took a little dirt road that both Mom and Dad thought would go through to the reservoir and dam. Instead, it went through the proving grounds, and on that particular day they were proving missiles.

We were just driving along trying to ignore the bumps and chuckholes, when all of a sudden a missile cleared the top of the car by a foot and exploded about a half mile away. The force of the explosion rocked the car and woke up the baby.

Another missile zinged past and blew up.

"Holy Christ! Someone's shooting at us!"

Dad hit the gas and we all dove on the floor and covered our heads. "Gimme your walkie-talkie!" Dad shouted to me. I fumbled around on the floor and found my Kaptain Kismet walkie-talkie set.

"Come on, you idiot! Hand it over!"

I gave it to Dad and he pressed the button. "Wooooooooooooooooow!" Dad screamed into the little plastic walkie-talkie.

I looked up and saw a missile explode in front of us.

"See, son? Missiles are radio controlled. I just interfered with its signal and changed its course!"

"But Dad..."

"Here comes another! Wooooooooooooooooow!"

"But Dad!"

"Look out!"

That was it! *Blam!* The force of the exploding shell knocked the car over on its side. We all fell against the passenger doors. Dad's glasses broke again. Patty

chipped her two-thousand-dollar front teeth. Mom just started to whimper and coo and tap her foot on the floor.

"Dad," I finally said, "there isn't any batteries in it."

"Aren't any batteries," Mom said softly.

Dad and I were able to get the car back on its wheels. No missiles came by until we were on our way again. At first, Dad didn't do anything but drive. It was as though we were going down Woodward Avenue in Detroit and the exploding missiles were pigeon poops. Then one came pretty close and Dad jumped on the accelerator and we took off again. Dad dodged and swerved, stopped, sped up, spun around. He got so good at avoiding missiles that I felt a little disappointed when we reached the north entrance to the range.

A pair of startled guards approached the car. Dad rolled down the window and grinned. "You better hope to God that the Russians aren't flying Plymouth station wagons, 'cause they're invincible!"

We drove off and had a good laugh. As a matter of fact, we laughed nonstop until the Indian attack.

We crossed the Colorado River, stopping to admire its muddy brown majesty. Then we continued, driving through the Yuma Indian reservation. Highway 80 cut through the southwest corner of the reservation, which was littered with beat-up trailers, tin sheds, garbage, pick-up trucks, and semi-naked kids. It smelled of sewage.

As we passed a driveway, a truck pulled out and followed us. Every driveway had a pick-up truck and every pick-up truck pulled out and followed us. The lead truck pulled out and passed us. He slowed to a crawl as the other trucks came alongside.

"Lock your doors!" Mom ordered.



Dad honked the horn and waved for the Indians to let us pass. They responded with a shower of beer cans and liquor bottles.

"Indian attack!" I shouted.

"But they're Yuma Indians. The guidebook says that they are primarily agrarian people with no tradition of warfare!" Mom said.

"Look out!" Dad shouted. "A rifle!"

Five rifles poked out from the truck windows. Dad coasted to a stop, steering with his knees so he could keep his hands up in the air. One of the Indians got out of his truck. He knocked on the window with his rifle. Dad rolled it down a crack.

"Yes? May I help you?" Dad said with a smile.

"Give me your money," the Indian mumbled. He was drunk.

Dad counted out the last of the stolen money. He slipped a twenty, a five, and three ones out the window.

"Open the hood of your car."

"Why?"

The Indian trained his rifle on Dad. He reached down and pulled the hood latch. A couple of the other Indians began robbing the engine of parts. The rest of the Yumas surrounded the car and made lewd remarks and gestures at Patty and Mom.

"Hey, look here!" Dad said. "If you take too much off my engine, we won't be able to drive away."

We let the Indians fleece us. They took everything, even Dad's Pall Malls. They took our hubcaps, headlights, chrome strips, radio, antenna, and air filter. Then one of Indians asked for our tires. He said he would trade his tires for ours. Three Indians helped jack-up the front and got the front tires off, while two other Indians jacked-up the back and took off those tires. Another truck came by loaded with screaming Indians waving bottles in paper bags.

"Let's fergit this," the leader said, and they left us with one tire on and three off. The three that were off were snow tires and slightly larger than the original tire that remained.

At about sun-up we passed through Joshua Tree National Monument. Dad slammed on the brakes and made us all get out of the car. "See," he said. "That's a Joshua tree." Then he made us get back in and we sped off. It was sort of scary.

We hit Riverside, California, around breakfast, but no one dared suggest we stop. At Ontario it began to rain. Dad turned on the wipers. They started up and then stopped. Dad had to slow down because the rain formed an opaque film on the glass and he couldn't

continued on page 84



● Six-year-old Ann Dunlap, daughter of a wealthy land developer in Fairfax, California, was walking to school with a bowl containing her pet goldfish when two men suddenly pulled her into their car. "Your daddy will pay us a lot of money not to kill you," one of the men said chuckling, as the other bound Ann's head, feet, and hands with oily towels. The attackers failed to notice that her goldfish had fallen beneath the front seat. Drawing on the last of its precious oxygen, the loyal fish twisted and slithered along the floor mat, and with a single, heroic spasm, flipped up onto the brake pedal just as the driver approached a stop sign. His foot slipped off the pedal, causing the car to run through the intersection. A policeman spotted the incident, and after pulling the car over, noticed Ann's condition and arrested her kidnapers on the spot.

● Paul Hock, a field technician for a private utility company, was awarded \$150,000 in a lawsuit arising from an on-the-job accident that left him paralyzed from the waist down. Shortly after receiving the money, an "investment specialist" called on Mr. Hock and suggested he become affiliated with the so-called Reach Out for Action investment program—a scheme that supposedly helped to concentrate all of one's acuity and potential at critical "breakpoints" in various business transactions. Hock, who was in a somewhat diminished and vulnerable emotional state, was easily convinced that he should seize this opportunity to increase his recent court award ten-fold, and thereby obtain true financial security for the rest of his life. He did not notice that the plan required him to relinquish all of his money to the "broker." As Mr. Hock was about to sign the contract, a puff-fish that had been swimming near the side of an aquarium overlooking his desk pushed a plastic castle from the base of the tank up to the top rim. By carefully tilting the castle over the edge, the fish was able to draw Hock's atten-

continued on page 85

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VACATION '58

continued from page 82

see. When he slowed down, the wipers went on. As he accelerated, they slowed and stopped. That's when he started to cry. We all started to cry. There we were crawling down U.S. 10, bawling like babies.

We idled into Pomona. The rain cleared and Dad punched it, and we roared south to Anaheim.

"We're getting close," I shouted as I spotted a Disneyland sign. "We're going to make it!"

Our odyssey was nearing an end, and even though we had less than a day to spend in the fabled fun capital of America, it didn't matter. Our tears were now for joy. I patted Dad on the back and said in a choked voice, "Thanks, Dad. I love you." Mom gave him a kiss and so did Patty, and Missy grabbed him around his neck and squeezed.

"There it is! I see it! I see it!" I screamed when I saw the turrets of Cinderella's castle.

"Oh, my God! It's Disneyland!" Mom cried. She thanked God and made us give thanks, which we gladly did.

We pulled into the massive parking lot. It was empty.

"We have the place to ourselves!" Dad announced with a smile that quickly turned to a drooling idiot's frown as he read a sign that said Closed for Repairs and Cleaning.

"There is no god!" Mom shouted. "No god would treat us like this!"

"Don't say that, Mom," Patty pleaded.

"We are in the hands of the devil! We have sinned, we bathed in sin, and the devil stole our souls!" Mom grabbed out at us. We started to cry.

"Closed for repairs and cleaning," Dad fumed. "You son-of-a-bitch prick! I watched your son-of-a-bitch program every Sunday! I bought a son-of-a-bitch color TV just to watch your son-of-a-bitch program! You owe me! You owe Clark W. Griswold, Jr! You owe him!"

Dad threw the car in reverse and floored it. The thrust jerked us all forward in our seats. Then he slammed on the brakes and threw it into forward. We screeched off toward the freeway. When we got to L.A., Dad got off the freeway and stopped at a sporting goods store. He took the checkbook off the dashboard and went inside.

A few minutes later, Dad came out of the store with a bag under his arm. He got into the car and kissed Mark. He started the engine and we drove back to the freeway. We got off at Santa Monica Boulevard and headed toward Beverly Hills and Bel Air.

"Clark?" Mom said. "Where are we going?"

Dad didn't answer. He just continued driving, being very careful now to observe speed limits and all the rules of the road.

"Clark? Clark? Clark?" said Mom, over and over again.

When we got to Beverly Hills, Dad pulled over. There was an old sedan parked ahead of us. A man wearing a straw hat came up to our car. He held up a map of the stars' homes.

"Hello, folks," he said. "Welcome to Hollywood!"

"Give me the map," Dad demanded as he drew a revolver out of the bag and pressed it against the man's nose. The man handed Dad the map. "Thank you."

We drove away, leaving the man standing in the middle of the road, shaking his head and stroking his white hair.

We stopped in front of a rambling mansion surrounded by a high fence. Dad turned off the motor. He loaded his revolver and stuck it in his belt. Without saying a word, he got out of the car and made for the fence. I followed him. Mom was too nuts to prevent me.

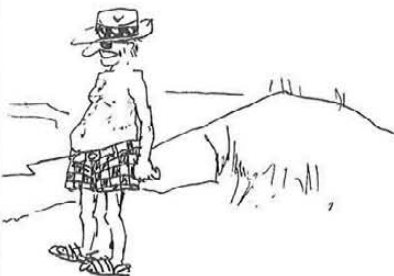
I never knew Dad was in such good shape, but he just climbed up the fence like it was a four-foot backyard stockade fence. I could see where he was going. There was a group of men sitting around a swimming pool having some kind of meeting. Dad crawled on his belly through the flower beds up to the house; then he stood still. A dog on a chain leaped from the patio toward the flower bed where Dad was standing. He fired and drilled the dog in midair.

"I've got your number, Disney! I'm Clark W. Griswold, and you owe me!"

The men who were reviewing drawings and papers on a large table turned in Dad's direction. A woman screamed and dropped a tray of drinks.

"I'll give you to the count of three, Walt Disney!"

"Can't we talk?" Disney said in the familiar voice that I recognized from the weekly introductions to his TV



Holly K. Tuttle

program.

"You closed your fantasy park, and that was a mistake!" Dad shouted as he waved his revolver at Mr. Disney. "I'm giving you to the count of three to run. I'm giving you a chance! You can run or I can blast your ass right here!"

Mr. Disney looked at the other men. He looked at the woman who had dropped the drinks and was now frozen with her hands over her mouth. A security guard came running around the corner of the house. He saw Dad and stopped, dropping his pistol on the lawn and raising his hands over his head.

"One!" Dad shouted.

Walt waited a moment, then dashed down the long stretch of grass. Dad dropped to one knee, followed Mr. Disney, and fired. Mr. Disney tumbled to the ground clutching his upper thigh. His momentum carried him into the flower beds. Two Beverly Hills policemen leaped on Dad and wrestled the weapon from his hand.

Mom, Patty, Missy, Mark, and I were cleared of conspiracy charges. They held Dad for attempted murder, assault with a deadly weapon, illegal use of a firearm, and two violations of the Beverly Hills noise code. He had to stay behind. We went home.

Mom called Grandpa Pete from the police station, and he arranged for tickets to be waiting for us at the airport. The police let us say good-bye to Dad. I felt really sorry for him, especially when he kissed me and said that he hoped I'd had at least a few minutes of fun on our vacation. I assured him I did. I also told him that I hoped he would beat the rap and be home real soon and that I didn't begrudge him for shooting such a neat guy as Mr. Disney.

We sort of forgot about Dad as soon as the engines on the airplane trembled and sputtered and moved us around in a graceful arc, then nosed up into the sky. Our hearts pounded with excitement as we watched L.A. shrink below us. We drank Coca-Cola and sailed over the desert valleys that we had fought our way across just the day before. We enjoyed sandwiches as we flew into the pollen-free Arizona air.

"Isn't this marvelous?" Mom sighed. She exhaled and shook her head. "It seems foolish now to drive when you can fly. Maybe this is the way to see the country. Look, down there below us, children!"

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is Captain Fred Freeman. Off to the right side of the aircraft you will see the Grand Canyon. Formed millions of years ago, it is..."

VALIANT FISH

continued from page 83

tion to deleterious portions of the agreement by dropping beads of water on key words and phrases. Mr. Hock ultimately decided the better of the plan, and placed his money in an established mutual fund.

• A group of men were sport fishing off the coast of Florida when one of them hooked a small manta ray. Being curious about the species, he brought the fish aboard and placed it in a tub on deck for closer examination. Just then, another man, Bob Stewart, landed an extraordinarily large and combative marlin. Everyone's attention turned immediately to Stewart as he began a contest that lasted all afternoon and throughout the night. By morning, a heavy fog reduced visibility to several feet. Suddenly, the marlin made a furious run. Stewart gave the fish too much line; when he pulled back on the pole, the line somehow became caught on a cleat by the gunwale. The line tightened, and then, remarkably, the fish began pulling the boat. In their excitement, Stewart and his companions did not hear the horn of a large oil tanker less than a hundred yards off the starboard bow. Sensing trouble, the manta ray rocked the tub until it toppled and spilled a stream of water into the cabin. The manta ray slid along the stream and wrapped its jaws around a cord leading to the ship's radar monitor, then pulled it to the deck, and frantically pecked at the controls with its pointed tail until the speaker clicked on and blasted out a shrill warning signal. Stewart cut his line as one of the others rushed to the wheel and brought the boat around just in time. □

*Oh young man, oh you looking for a
good time democratic,
I have heard you asking me, where shall I
go?*

*Camerado, American youth, I embrace
you,*

*And I tell you to go where you can have a
good meal, where whatever you feel you
can do.*

*Oh young man, oh you who feel down, I
tell you to pick yourself off the ground
of these States,*

*I tell you there is no need to be unhappy,
And I tell you where you must go, it is to
the YMCA.*

*I hear America singing, it is singing that
it is fun to stay at the YMCA.*

*And I do not scorn to sing with it, I sing
the YMCA electric!*

—Walt "The Gestalt" Whitman

Terrifik Value

To err is human.

brother

CORRECT-O-RITER I



A cassette load
electric typewriter
that can self-correct.

Complete
with deluxe
molded
carrying
case.

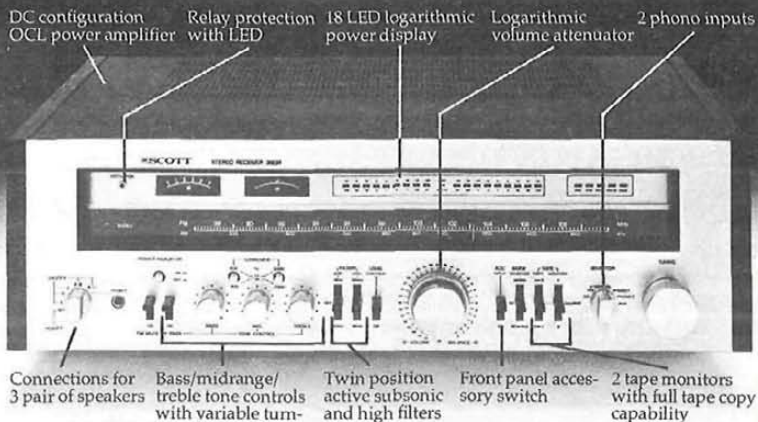
To err is human. To
correct those mis-
takes on your es-
says, term papers,
reports and home-
work quickly, cleanly

and easily is why Brother made the Correct-O-Riter. And unlike old-fashion cartridge typewriters, you never have to remove a color/correction cassette to correct an error. It's self-correcting! Other Correct-O-Riter features include a power electric carriage return, 12" carriage and a complete assortment of color/correction cassette ribbons. Make no mistake... write Dept. 4L today for the name of your nearest Brother dealer.

brother

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Scott's new 390R is perhaps the most complete receiver ever made.

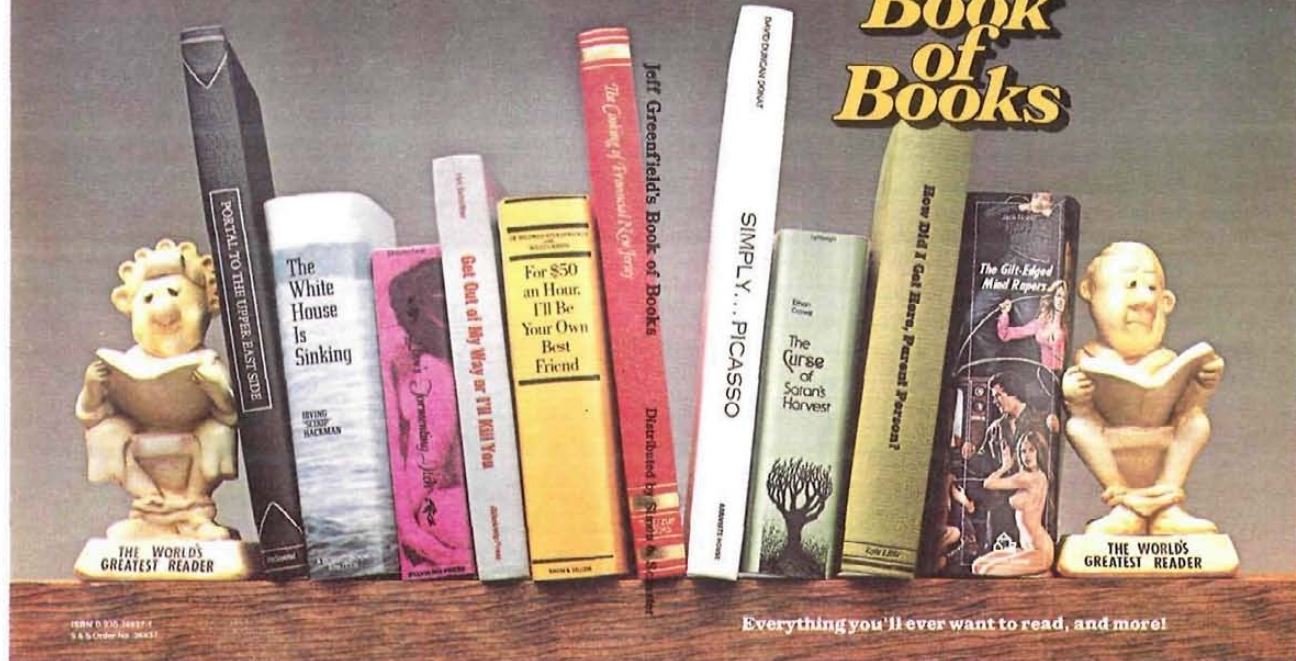
A professional control center for your entire sound system, the 390R delivers a full 120 watts per channel min. RMS, at 8 ohms from 20-20,000 Hz with no more than 0.03% THD. And it offers more options, features and flexibility than you'll find on most separates.

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TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

• A Miami judge deferred several dozen traffic cases after an investigative news team presented evidence impugning the reliability of Florida Highway Patrol radar equipment. According to a film shown in court, one radar device clocked a tree at 86 mph. Another indicated that a house was traveling three miles over the residential street speed limit. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Andy Gillespie)

• A Milwaukee man, Gary Medrow, was arrested for impersonating a Minneapolis police officer after he allegedly compelled a number of local citizens to lift their friends and associates off the ground for extended periods of time. In one instance, Medrow identified himself as "Lieut. Michaels" to a female office worker named Jeanie, and told her she was suspected of complicity in a hit-and-run collision. He said two women left the scene; one had broken an ankle in the accident, so the other picked her up and ran away. Medrow then ordered Jeanie to hoist a coworker, Linda, to determine if she was capable of lifting another woman. After timing Jeanie's effort to transport Linda up and down the sidewalk, Medrow forced a man to repeat the test with Linda for comparison. "He [Medrow] had some very big, important people in this town carrying their secretaries around for ten minutes," a police spokesman said. *AP* (contributed by Pat Knight)

• A Corsican soccer fan, Jean-Marc Luccheti, received a three-month jail term for interfering with play at an important match in Murato,

Italy. When a Murato player kicked what appeared to be a certain goal against his team, Luccheti drew a revolver and shot the ball. *Winnipeg Free Press* (contributed by R. Brown)

• An eighteen-year-old man was arrested after allegedly stealing \$6.50 worth of Yumbos from a Burger King in Columbus, Ohio. His name is Ronald McDonald. *The Columbus Dispatch* (contributed by Mark Edgerton)

• Sister Godfrida, a nun in the Roman Catholic Apostolic Order of the Holy Joseph, is under investigation

by Belgian police for allegedly murdering ten elderly patients in the hospital where she worked. She was selling off their belongings to support her \$200-a-day heroin habit. *AP* (contributed by Tom Winegal)

• A nine-year-old boy burglarized a home in Austin, Texas, exiting with a handful of twenty-dollar bills. The youngster was caught when he attempted to launder the money at a nearby grocery store by asking for \$160 worth of bubble gum. *UPI* (contributed by Robbie White)

• Alan Patton received a thirty-day jail term for soliciting urine specimens from small children at school yards and other public places. Patton, who generally collected the fluid in plastic bags, told investigators he used it both as a beverage and body ointment. *Columbus Dispatch* (contributed by John Curran)

• A man broke into a residence in Pacific Grove, California, placed a boulder beneath the owner's pillow, and fled. *Pacific Grove-Pebble Beach Monarch Tribune* (contributed by Beau Schoocraft)

WORDS AND PICTURES DEPT.

The photo and caption below appeared in the San Juan (Puerto Rico) Star of June 16, 1979.



President Jimmy Carter and Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev are all smiles as they meet for the first time since they boarded the vessel and discovered balls of marijuana. (UPI photo)

According to a correction notice printed the following day, Carter and Brezhnev are really smiling in Vienna before signing SALT II.

Here are the endings to some things that you'd only read or sit through to find out the endings.

BOOKS

Shibumi by Trevanian. Nicholai Hel, the world's most perfect assassin, battles a supermonolith called the Mother Company. Hel kills his PLO targets and retires to a life of Shibumi in the Basque countryside of Spain.

Sophie's Choice by William Styron. Stingo's friends at the Pink Palace — beautiful Auschwitz survivor Sophie and tormented, psychotic Nathan — die in a suicide pact after a tumultuous relationship. Stingo returns to his beloved South to finish his novel.

The Salt Mine by David Lippincott. Alyosha and his group of Russian dissidents seize control of the Kremlin, make demands of the Soviet government, and then escape with the hostages to freedom in Switzerland.

MOVIES

A Perfect Couple: Paul Dooley is disowned by his family. Marta Heflin leaves the rock band she sings with, and they end up together—the perfect couple.

Phantasm: Michael Baldwin realizes the entire ordeal at Morningside Mortuary was just a bad dream. That is, until he goes up to his room to pack up his things and the Tall Man gets him.

Winter Kills: John Huston is forced by Anthony Perkins to have his own son assassinated. When this is uncovered by Jeff Bridges, Huston hurls himself out of a fiftieth-story window.

Alien: Sigourney Weaver blasts the Alien into outer space from the space shuttle. She and Jones, the cat, are the only survivors.

● A horde of 600 monkeys went on a rampage in southern Ethiopia terrorizing local humans, killing sheep and goats, and destroying crops. An army of human farm workers finally confronted them at Eelberdale, and in a fierce two-day battle, killed 353 of these stone-throwing creatures while suffering six casualties of their own. Authorities speculate the animal siege was a counter to intense battles between Ethiopian and Somalian guerrillas, which have been fought in territory customarily occupied by monkeys. *Reuters* (contributed by Jeff Markel)

● A troop of baboons attacked a classroom near Jaipur, India, jumping up and down on the roof until it caved in. Fifteen human school girls were killed instantly. *Reuters* (contributed by Vernon Smith)

● After having been brushed by a locomotive near Nairobi, Kenya, an elephant lay in

wait beside the track for another train. When one arrived two hours later, the elephant attacked a freight car and destroyed its braking system. *AP* (contributed by Eric Ambro)

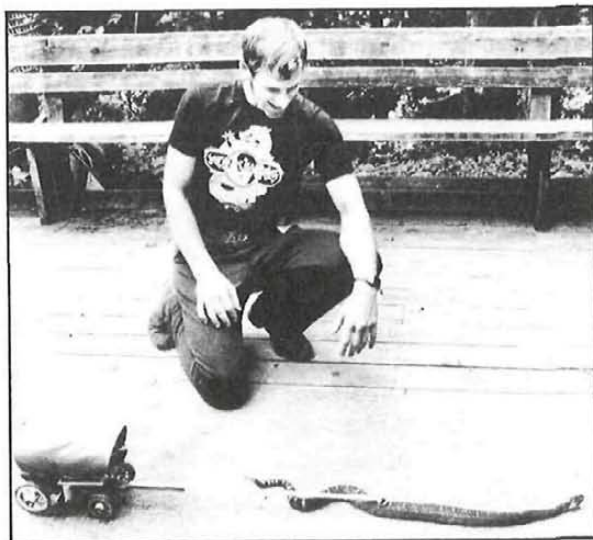
● While David McKigney, a human and professional bear wrestler, cleaned a pen used by his trained 460-pound black bear, the animal entered his home and climbed the stairs to a room occupied by Lynn Orser, McKigney's girl friend. As she tried to escape through a window, the bear threw Miss Orser to the floor and attempted to rape her. She died a short time later. *Canadian Press* (contributed by Marie Whitney)

● A seriously ill, seven-year-old human was resting in his bed near Agrobrazil, Brazil, when a colony of giant ants entered the room and ate him alive. The ants subsequently marched on four other children in the house who were

saved when neighbors heard their screams. *Agence France-Presse* (contributed by Eric Ambro)

● A human, Mrs. Amelia Roybal, opened the door to her home in Albuquerque, New Mexico, to call her dog when a monkey of unknown origin rushed in and began leaping around her living room. Shortly thereafter, the monkey drank a can of cleaning fluid, a bottle of hand lotion, and some of Mrs. Roybal's eye medicine, causing it to become loud and uncontrollable. When Mr. Roybal attempted to take the bottles away, the irate animal retaliated by throwing cooking pans and china, then unplugging the television, spinning knobs on the dishwasher, and chewing up a bowl of plastic fruit. The monkey later assaulted human police with oranges and potatoes, and bit the Roybals' thirteen-year-old son on the back. *AP* (contributed by Eric Ambro)

EVIDENCE THAT SNAKES ARE ACTUALLY O.K. ANIMALS



UPI (contributed by R. Quade)

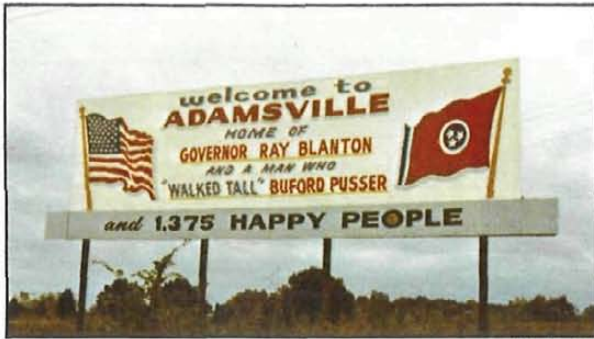
"Uncle Sam," a California lumberjack's pet rattler, might possibly be construed to have redeemed the vicious and demonic reputation of snakes by performing the unusual act of pulling a miniature Conestoga wagon along a mat while not biting its human owner. On the other hand, we have no assurance the wagon is not towing the snake, and the lumberjack isn't about to get it in that big vein just below his watch.

True Masthead

Edited by Tod Carroll
 Editorial Assistant: Susan Rosenthal
 Spoilers by Susan Rosenthal
 Lives by Bradley Razook
 Art: Maira Berman
 Research: Betsy Aaron
 Contributing Editors: Tom Corcoran, Ben Ellard, Susan Hoffman, P. Howard Lyons, Bill Moseley, Pedar Ness, Alan Rose.

Contributions: We will pay \$10 for every print item used, \$30 for each photo. Send to: True Facts, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. In case of duplication, earliest postmark is selected.

Editor's Note: The items that appear in the True Section are, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in *National Lampoon* is fictional. Except the ads.



*Charles Peck
Billboard erected by the government of Adamsville, Tennessee.*

● Mrs. Ira Sanders of Winnipeg, Manitoba, testified before Senator Ted Kennedy's committee on National Health Insurance that her husband had undergone eight years of extensive surgery and that since 1976 he spent sixty-two weeks in various hospitals. She stated that doctors diagnosed his illness as arteriosclerosis, and that the government paid for virtually all of the treatment. Asked by Kennedy if she was satisfied with the medical attention her husband had received, Mrs. Sanders responded, "Extremely, except that he didn't have arteriosclerosis." *Denver Post* (contributed by Ronald Dunn)

● Carl Chamberlain burglarized a building near Waterbury, Vermont, then found employment with a tree service. Police arrested him a short time later, and he was eventually sentenced to three months in jail. The tree service fired Chamberlain at the time of his conviction, so he filed for unemployment benefits while in prison. Vermont's Economic Security Board denied his request; however, the State Supreme Court ruled that Chamberlain was entitled to collect because his breaking into a building and getting arrested and going to jail were unrelated to his job. *New York Times*

● Pennsylvania governor Milton Shapp offered free trips to Titusville and Hershey as prizes in his Great Pennsylvania

Slogan Contest. After sorting through entries like "Pennsylvania: Gateway to Ohio," "Pennsylvania: Nolo contendere," "Pennsylvania: Home of the Pennsylvania Turnpike," and "Pennsylvania: Almost West Virginia," judges finally settled on "Pennsylvania: Naturally." And, after considerable expense in administering the contest, Shapp and his staff learned that Vermont already uses the slogan "Vermont: Naturally." *UPI* (contributed by Michael Roszkowski)

● The U.S. Air Force requisitioned and received a number of compressed air cannons and several dozen crates of dead chickens to fire from the cannons at the windshields of certain aircraft for the purpose of determining their resistance to birds. *Wall Street Journal* (contributed by Harry Farkas)

● A redevelopment agency in Pennsylvania applied to the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) for \$1,127,222 in financial assistance. HUD agreed to provide the funds; however, its auditors discovered the request exceeded departmental limits by one dollar. A project manager offered to supply the extra dollar from his own pocket, but HUD insisted that new contracts be drawn, causing a three-month delay and adding several thousand dollars to the cost of completing the transaction. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Bill Williams)



Mr. Wu is general manager of the Da Goang Assorted Co. in Taipei, Taiwan, winner of the 1977 Golden Brain Award, and inventor of the following products marketed throughout Southeast Asia and the Middle East.

The Salonmay Bustline Increaser "has proved most successful in beautifying the female bustline," according to Mr. Wu. It consists primarily of a plastic dome that fits tightly around the breast. When flat- or slabby-chested women squeeze the rubber bulb attached to the end of the hose connected to the dome, their "pituitary glands will become stimulated and cell tissue of the bust area will be built up through physiotherapy treatment." Mr. Wu advises against the use of his bustline increaser during pregnancy, or when it has been used by someone else.



"By the use of an exercise method that expands and relaxes the male organ, Handsome Up directly stimulates cell tissue of the male genital area, thereby increasing the body's own secretion of hormones," Mr. Wu claims. He exports a total of 90,000 bustline increasers and penis enlargers a month—want one? Call 7023519, Taipei, Taiwan.



From a Taiwanese paper called Trade Winds (contributed by Danny Jennings).

TRUTH IN LABELING DEPT.

Marble Hill Shines

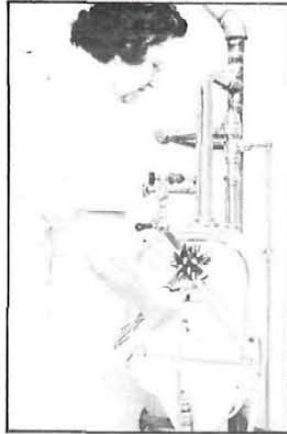


The Marble Hill Community Association swung into high gear Saturday with a gala street festival that included a puppet show, food, games and just a whole lotta fun. Winner of the basket of cheer was a smiling Mrs. Townes.

The above photo and caption appeared in the Height-Inwood Press, a New York community newspaper (contributed by T. Buffington).

Gals in the News

Gerry Moyer (*right*), head nurse at an Allentown, Pennsylvania, hospital, cut the ribbon on her Ambulatory Surgical Unit's new bedpan flusher; Starlene Ganz (*lower right*) of Fertile, Iowa, was honored with a mention in the 1978 *Who's Who Among American High School Students*; and Marylin Pleger (*below*), owner of more than 30,000 hubcaps, fashioned a purse out of two taken from a 1975 Mustang. And for every gal, the Viva Lingerie Company is presently marketing a nipple bra (*far right*). Cloth nipples simulate real nipples housed beneath the cloth nipples to create the illusion that real nipples are pushing through the blouse, when in fact, they are merely cloth nipples disguised as the genuine nipples underneath.



Allentown Hospital Association Probe



Starlene Ganz
Fertile student listed
in Who's Who for 1978

Mason City Globe Gazette



Ohio Motorist

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The look is so provocative, no one would believe you're actually wearing a bra. Yet you get all the support you want.

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Send \$20.00 plus \$1.50 p. & h to VIVA Lingerie, Dept. C, P.O. Box 6500, Englewood, NJ 07631. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

New York residents add appropriate tax. In Canada add \$2.00 additional. Items shipped to Canada are subject to Canadian tariff.

Patent No. 3,976,083

Popular Women's Magazines

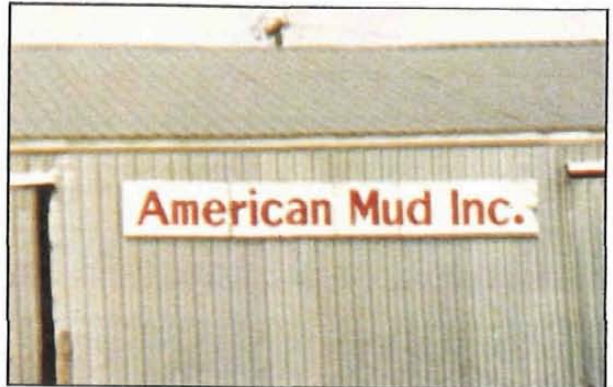
INFORMATIVE HEADLINES

Wrench offers precise tightening **Scenic sights draw tourists**
Mumps' favorite targets **Poison ivy's a perilous plant**
children 5-10 years old **The female body in style again**
Rip currents are a swimmer's foe **Risk's a part of life** **Rose hips unnecessary with a balanced diet**
Birth control big issue
Compassion is part of art of nursing **Law applies to all**
Youngsters have hearty appetites **Food for thought: Diet's important**

Collected from the Dallas Morning News (DMN) and the Dallas Times Herald (DTH) by Susan Hoffman for Dallas Magazine. Reprinted by permission.



Glenn Myrent, Wilmette, Ill.



Bridget Nabhan



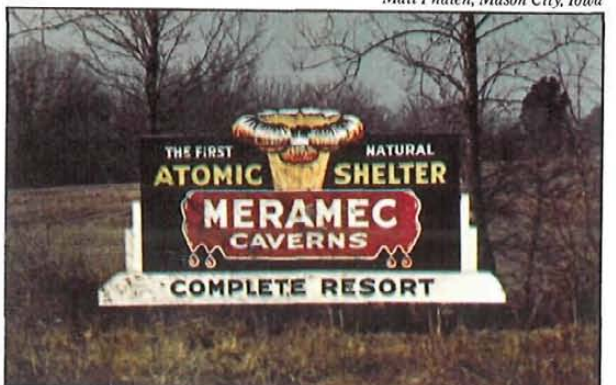
Dan Stephans, Salt Lake City, Utah



Matt Phalen, Mason City, Iowa



Casey Batule, Cleveland, Ohio



Jordan C. Phillips, Port Chester, N.Y.



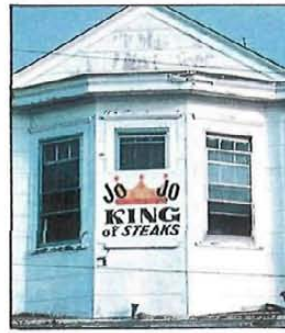
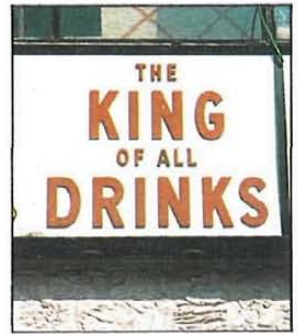
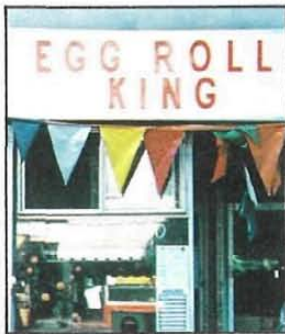
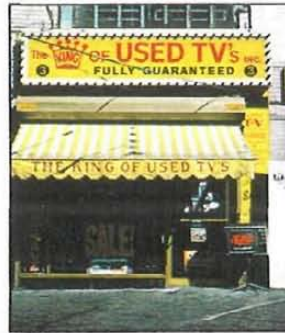
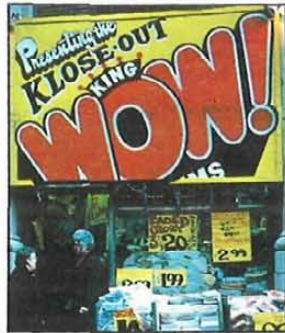
Ed Toutant, Austin, Tex.

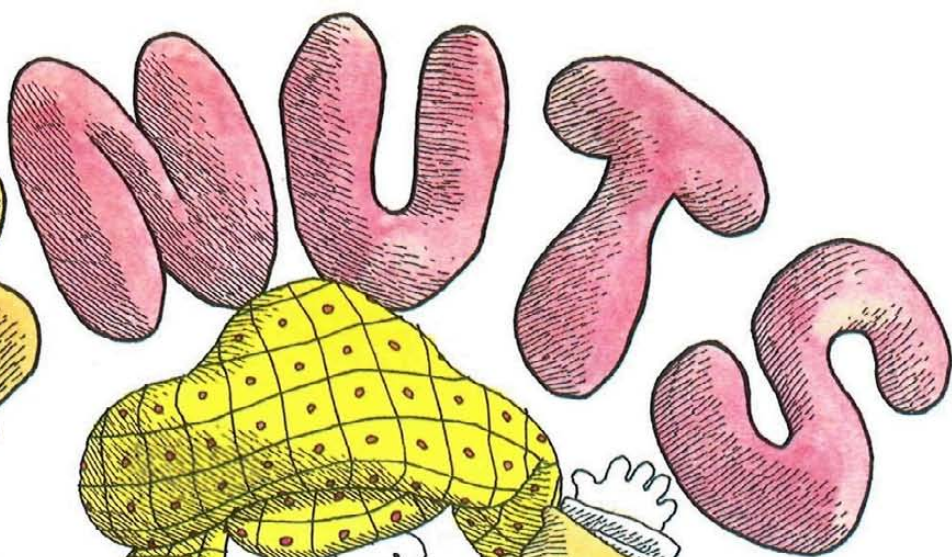
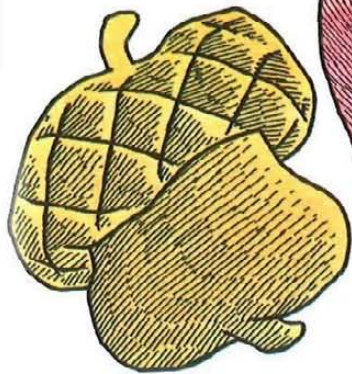


Jorji Barnett, Mt. Clemens, Miss.

T R U E

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ING TO MAKE SENSE OUT OF THE WEIRD
RULES GROWN-UPS MADE YOU FOLLOW?
REMEMBER MODEL AIRPLANES AND YOUR
FAVORITE COMIC BOOK HERO, AND CROSS-
ING VACANT LOTS, AND EATING CANDY
THAT MADE YOUR TEETH HURT? REMEM-
BER HOW SOMETIMES YOU WONDERED
WHETHER YOU'D DIE OF SOME KID DISEASE,
OR WHETHER YOU'D LIVE TO ACTUALLY GROW
UP AND NOT HAVE TO RUN DUMB ERRANDS
FOR YOUR MOTHER AND LEARN BORING
STUFF AT SCHOOL? REMEMBER HOW SMALL
YOU WERE AND HOW BRAVE YOU HAD TO
BE TO GET THROUGH IT ALL?

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NIAGARA FALLS

continued from page 32

rode the famous *Maid of the Mist*. I saw the awesome power of the plunging water dropping from the rabid lip far above; and at that time the ride was quite a value—two-fifty, I think.

My faith was restored. How happy I was for those brief moments. Then as I debarked from the *Maid of the Mist*, a wizened old coot grabbed me by the sleeve of my public rain gear. "Do yez want in on a good game?" sez he.

"Naturally yez do," he said, and laying hold of my sleeve, began leading me on.

He said I reminded him of his own dear son Nick, killed by a wicked abortionist in Montreal somewhat before the flower of his youth. He said he had no one in the world, and though these things were usually passed on from father to son, or, bar that, father to son-in-law, or, bar that, father to brother or to brother's children, or somebody, he was going to pass it on to me.

"What?" I asked, feeling adventurous.

"You'll see," sez he.

He led me over to what appeared to be a rock face, and we passed through a hidden door. Later we went through a secret portal and further down through a concealed ingress.

I found myself in an enormous cavern, lit with light bulbs.

"What manner of place is this?" I cried, clapping myself on the forehead hard enough to create the dent still visible beneath my bangs.

"Dis here beez the main power plant and sump pumping station," said he, for such was the manner of his speech.

When I look back on it now, I can only compare the machinery to the inside of a digital watch made of wood.

"Not a zingle nail," the old gaffer said proudly. The machinery throbbed and groaned behind him. "Dey waz really craftzmen den. You don't see the like today. Not even at Angel Falls."

"What?!" said I, affecting bemusement (for I was younger then).

"Oh yaz," said the old one. "Dese was built before Angel Falls, at least ten thousand year before. Ant to my way of thinking, they may have got bigger, but dey never got better. Dese falls work as good today as on the day they primed the big pump back when people was still monkeys."

"What?!" I said again, affecting disinterest this time, variety being the spice of life, as I had recently read. But within, my mind was bogging.

"Yez, yez. Dese falls was built in the very olden days. Dey was a very popular attraction at the time." He paused briefly.

"But who built the Falls? And who was around during the very olden days to enjoy them?"

He picked up a can of glue and began to walk about lading it onto blocks of wood, some moving, some seeming to serve no purpose.

"Imagine if yez will, something built entirely without nails. Sure, nowadays we got the light bulb that requires very few nails, I grant you, but imagine it back then. *Without nails.*"

He rested a moment contemplating a large moving part in the distance. "And very few pegs," he added. "No nails and pegs scarce as snake hairs. And way back then, there was all manner of dinosaurs and flying snakes dive-bombing the life out of anything that wept..."

"But who built it—this massive complex—who ran it, who watched it? I mean, if there were nothing but dinosaurs, and people were still monkeys as you said, who...who did this?" I gestured at the machinery, which to me had become as marvelous "fake" as it ever was "real."

"The very same question I asked my father," said the old wheeze, givin' me a most peculiar look. "My father spent a lot of time thinkin' about it with my grandfather—a very intellectual man who studied the books. It was their opinion that this machinery, like the inferior work at Angel Falls, South America, was built by a very *advanced* run of individuals."

My mind raced. "Is it possible another civilization existed before ours? A peaceful, ecologically-balanced one that made good use of pegs?! And that they were wiped out by the very folks they tried to civilize? Us?! Who were then living in the trees as monkeys, as you say? That they trained your disant ancestors to run these very falls?!"

"Sounds like yer *Planet of the Apes* movie. Did yez see that one? Or the 2001 movie? That was a fine one, with a drift you could catch. You know dere's no way of tellin' who built the thing. But dey certainly was advanced. Yez can see that with half an eye."

"But you," I cried, the sacred guardian of the secret of the Falls, the carrier of the tradition, the porter of knowledge, the bellboy of wisdom! Surely you must know who? Here in secret for thousands of years, father to son, son to own son, own son to own son's son, and so on, knowing the machinery like your body from the day you're born till the day you die... you *must!*"

Just then the door broke open. It was a big double door over to the left that I hadn't noticed, I guess because I was so overcome by the machinery.

A whole bunch of people came in. A couple of the men were singing. A guy and a girl were carrying another girl in a "fireman's chair" hold. She looked like she was asleep. She was. From liquor, as it turned out.

One of the guys took 'em aside while the other started talking to the elderly tisue. "I suppose he found you getting off the *Maid of the Mist* by yourself?"

"Yes," I replied, in a guarded word.

"And he's trying to get you to run the Falls, right?"

"He said..."

"Never mind his bullshit. He owns these falls, right? O.K. Well, we work in them. We do all the physical labor! He just sits on his capitalist butt and counts the ten percent he gets from the concessions. We have a right to security for our families! He's trying to bring you in here as scab labor. The bum. Why, his own daughter is with us." He gestured toward the unconscious girl. "He thinks this is still the twenties, when you could smash a union just by puttin' out the word there was work to be had. Well, it isn't the twenties, mister, buddy, friend, and bub, and if you start scabbin' here, you'll find we won't take it lying down!"

It seems the union had won a tough fight to organize the labor at the Falls from the old guy's father in the twenties, and survived a couple of attempts to break the union. They'd had a big strike a couple of years ago and actually shut down the Falls! They put out the story that it was some sort of antierosion scheme, but actually the pump's main screw had gone out of line, twisted the shaft, and the knot-wright the old man had flown in from Angel's Falls wouldn't cross the picket line. So the Falls had

been closed for a time. Now, the old duster who owned the joint was trying a real sneaky dodge. The way it worked was this: instead of hiring through the union, he was hiring a lot of immigrant labor, mostly poor blacks from across the U.S. border. The boss claimed it was "affirmative action," but the shop steward said his game was really to get a lot of poor workers subject to deportation in the union so he could bully them any way he wanted. So the Falls workers had struck him again. He could run the place by himself for six days at the most, said the shop steward.

The old guy glanced toward me with a startled look and began a hasty trot over. He was very excited. "Don't believe him. They're all troublemakers! They're all bluffs! Stick with me and we'll be rich! I look after my guys!"

The shop steward backed off with a sardonic smile and a few words of warning. He said he'd murder me like a bug. The old guy started talking fast in my ear.

"Yez can't believe a ward dey sez. It's a fabrication and worse. Dey never, for instance, put dose poor fellows on the raft that was smashed to itty bits sometime back. Dose fellows were daredevils, not brave, independent bargainers like I hopes you are. I've a job for yez here. You'll get a good wage, a medical plan, an' be like a son to me..."

Overhead I could hear the Falls roaring. I could see the old man's daughter, walking again, alone in the middle distance. Behind her, by a large sluice box, stood the shop steward and a group of young men and women who had brought her home. Several were singing, waving beer bottles to mark time. The shop steward was winding his belt about his

fist, shrugging and talking to a pretty woman. He looked twice at me.

I walked over to the shop steward, past the old man's daughter in the middle distance, who sang, like someone eating, to herself. "I'll not cross the line," I said.

"That's the *weltanschauung*, lad!" said he, and promised me work after the strike. He made a brief speech about how the Falls Workers Union had no intention of destroying anyone's illusions about the Falls, and that the Falls were a beautiful thing and the union wouldn't smash them to rubble unless some stubborn old pork-butt kept making trouble. Well, you get the picture if you've ever been a worker.

So, I hung around there and pretty soon the strike was settled. The shop steward started me out as an apprentice bungwright, but the old man kept his eye on me, and it wasn't more than four or five years till I got my papers as a master primer. At that point I could tell just by listening to the pump if a seal was thinning or a cylinder head was swollen.

I've worked a lot of waterfalls since then, including the overrated Angel Falls down South America-way. I'm now a supervisor in charge of a lot of waterfalls—and I've got all the problems of a boss and a union man besides. I was out west the other day—checking out some little falls there called Shannon—and I stopped off to see my old dad. I hadn't seen Dad since I left for Niagara.

"Well, how'd you find the Falls?" he asked, his hair sere.

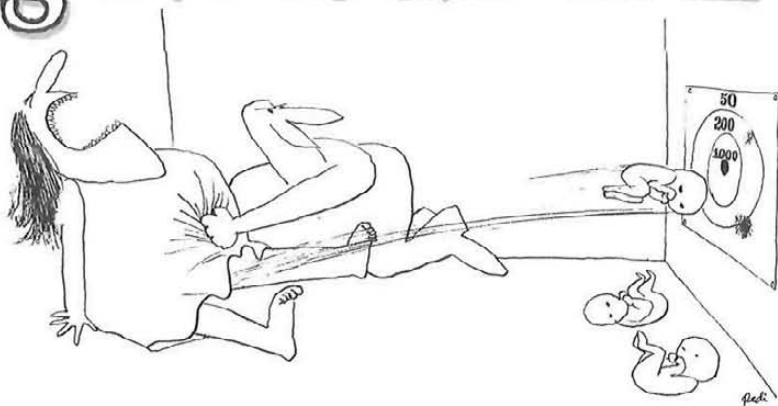
"Just like you said," I ventured, risking all.

"Thank God," said he, "I was able to teach you something," as his father said before him. □

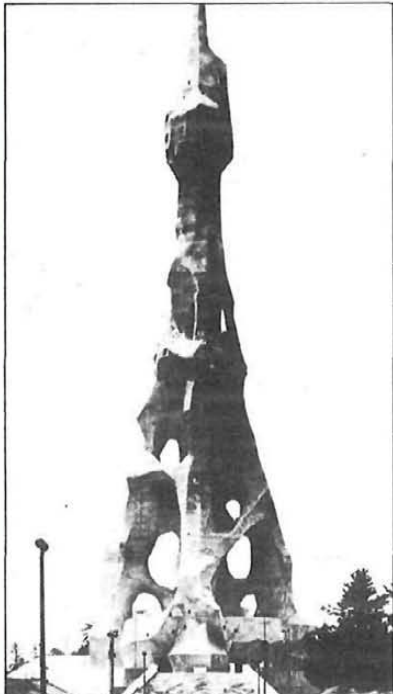
Coming Next Month

The October **COMEDY** Issue

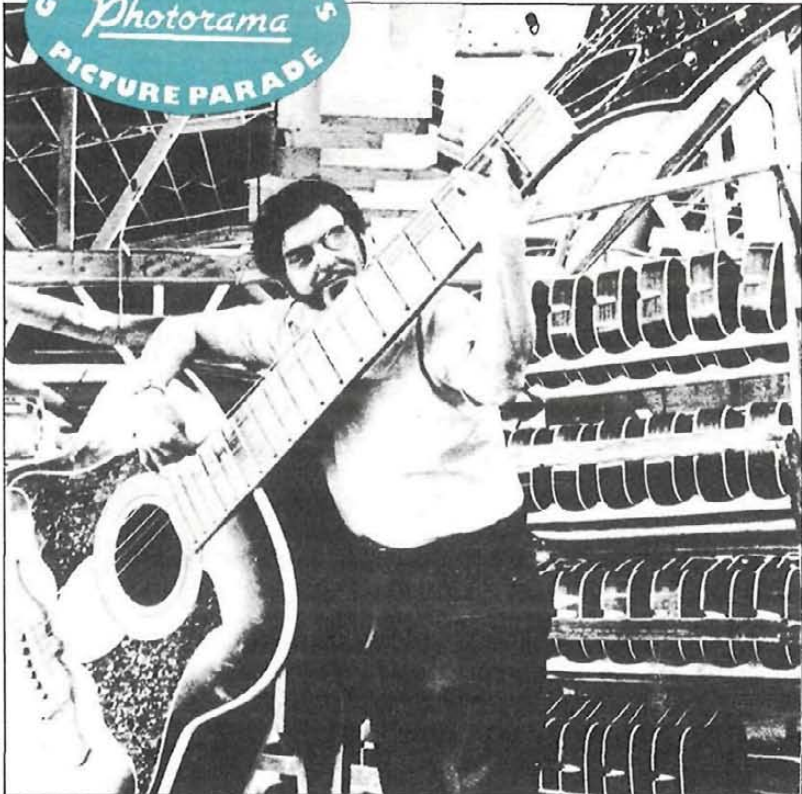
What makes ordinary people laugh; what ordinary people do to make other ordinary people laugh; and no self-indulgent, "inside," professional New York comedy-business gags that no one will understand, we promise.



GERALD SUSSMAN'S
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PICTURE PARADE



Racine, Wisconsin Local teen-age vandals have "eaten" huge holes in the Nordenmeister Building, the only building in the world made of peanut butter. Named after its chief builder, Karl Nordenmeister, a retired shop teacher, the building was constructed by his students out of huge "cinder blocks" of surplus government peanut butter as a term project. It stands five stories high.



Lancaster, Pennsylvania Bob Scruff, chief designer of the Crescendo Guitar Company, tests the special instrument ordered for the movie sequel to King Kong entitled King Kong Meets Elvis Presley. Scruff claims it is the world's largest playable guitar, with special strings made for a mechanical gorilla who is supposed to be over ten feet tall.



Modesto, California The postal service of California is trying out an experimental program of sending animals as gifts through the mail. State Commissioner Arnold Cuneo compares it to sending flowers by wire. The post office works with accredited pet shops, who wire the gift pet to the recipient through his local shop. Then a postman makes the delivery.



Chicago, Illinois Anthropologist Mary Leakey holds what she claims is the world's oldest hero sandwich, discovered in what is now Tanzania. The soft part of the bread had been scooped out to accommodate the sandwich ingredients, which have long since disintegrated. But somehow the bread itself was preserved. Ms. Leakey estimates the sandwich to be over 200,000 years old.

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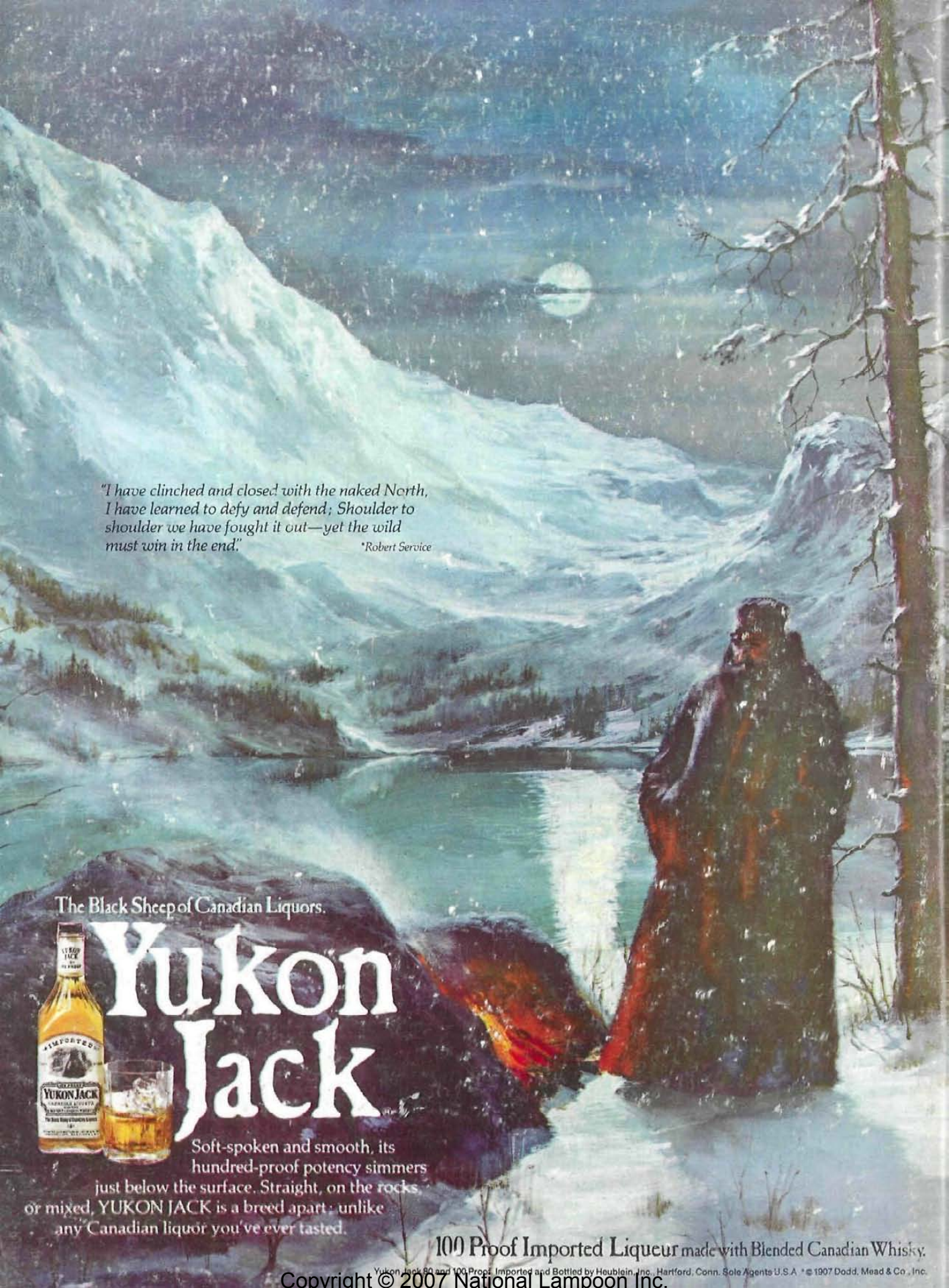


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shoulder we have fought it out—yet the wild
must win in the end."*

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